

The Old Timer AND Other Poems



BY ROBERT E. ANDERSON



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THE OLD TIMER



AND
OTHER
POEMS

ROBERT. T. ANDERSON

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ANDERSON, R.T.

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by

ROBERT T. ANDERSON

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PREFACE

THE bulk of the poems which appear in this little volume have at different times seen the light in one or other of the following papers: the Edmonton Bullétin, Edmonton Journal, Canadian Scotsman of Winnipeg, and the now defunct Slocan Drill, of Slocan, B.C.

It was not originally my intention to have thrown them together in this form, but on becoming connected with the Caledonian Society of Edmonton, I have found myself on various occasions, under the impetus given by that patriotic institution, indulging in rhyme to such an extent that I have quite an accumulated mass of manuscript on hand.

Having had many inquiries from friends and acquaintances for copies of my screeds, I have ventured to hope that in bringing this small work before the public it may be found at least not uninteresting, especially to Canadian Scots, and to those who have known our West country, both in Alberta and British Columbia.

I cannot claim to have dwelt very largely upon life in the West, but it is a very large subject to deal with, and if I have only succeeded in awakening an interest in it from a poetical standpoint, I shall consider myself more than repaid.

My attempts in the Doric have been purely and simply for the love which even Colonial Scots can have for the auld Mither ayont the sea. Knowing Scotland only from tradition, our minds, of course revert more to the scenes of the past and picture to ourselves the bleak mountains of the Highlands, the dark mosses and wind-swept moors—the homes and hiding-places of our Covenanting fathers, and the rocky coasts of the Western Highlands and Islands from which many a buirdly young Highlandman has set sail in early days, to become in after years an Old Timer in Western Canada.

It is the Scotland of lang syne that we know more than the Scotland of the present, with its large manufacturing centres and shipping ports, and although our hearts are in the upbuilding of this great Western Canada of ours, we cannot forget altogether the Bens and the Glens in the land of our forbears.

It is safe to say that the sweet auld sangs of the Doric will be treasured for long years to come in the hearts of Canadian Scotsmen.

ROBERT T. ANDERSON.



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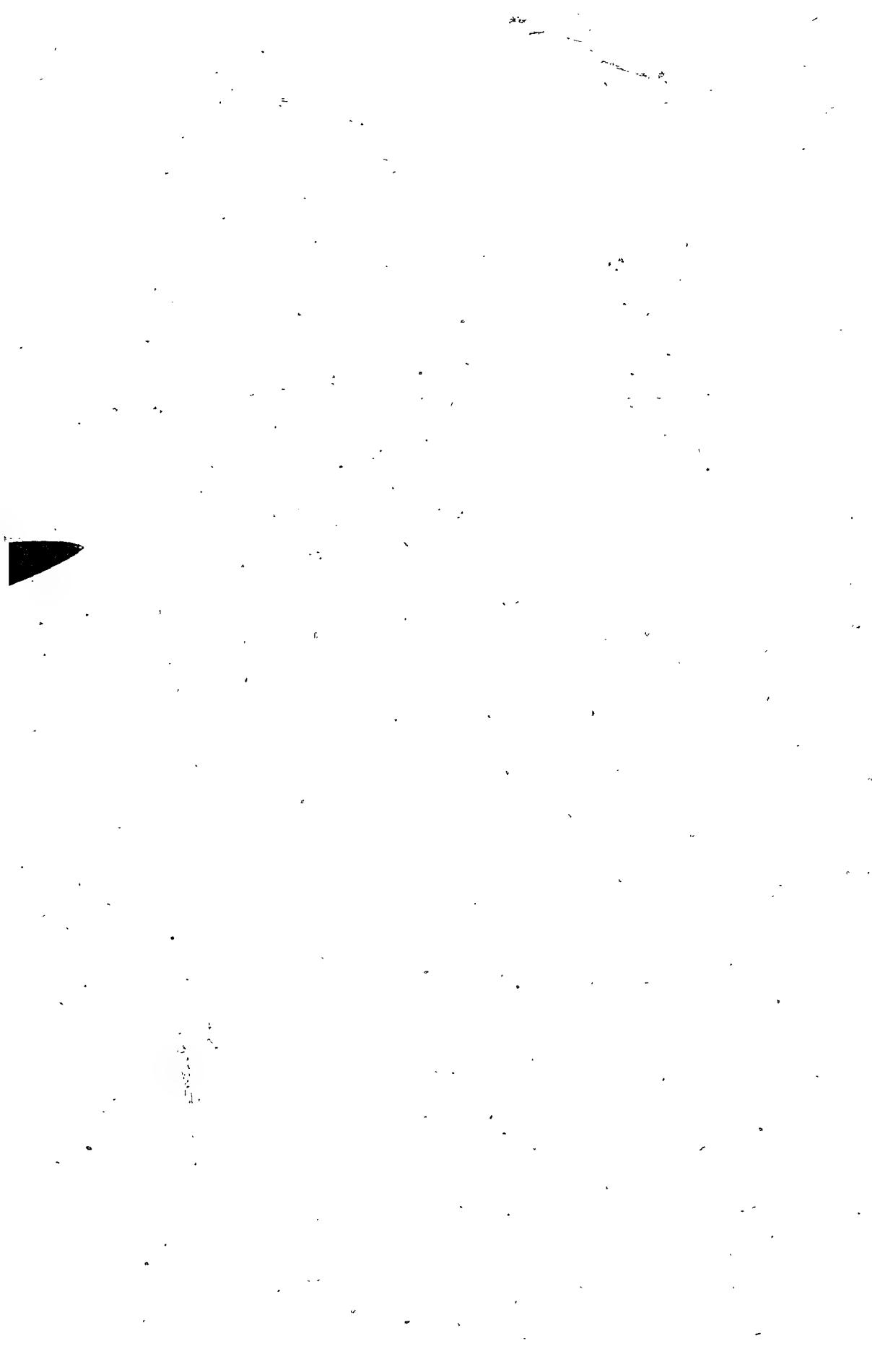




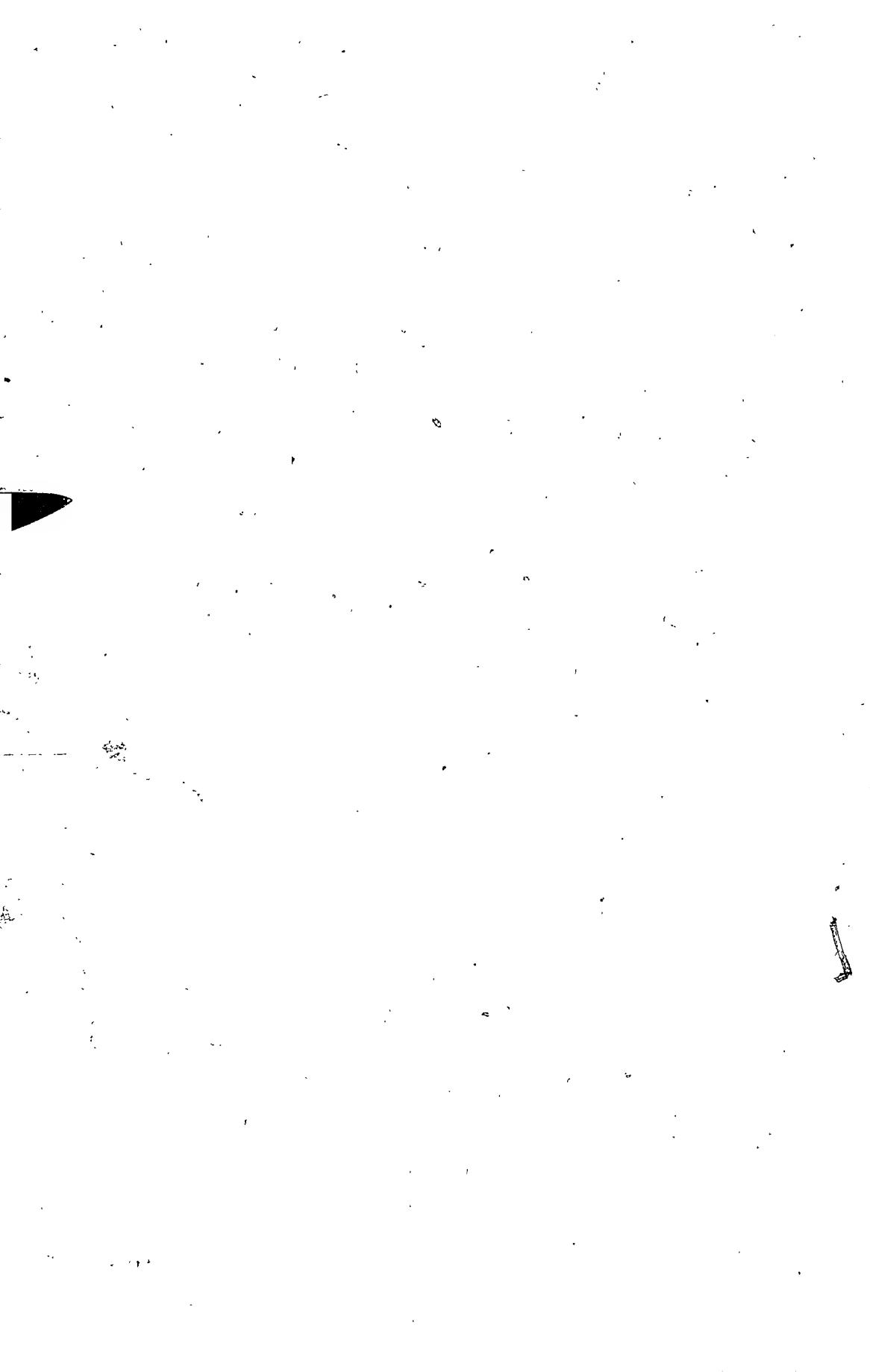
R. T. ANDERSON







THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS



The Old Timer and Other Poems

THE OLD TIMER

Far, far across the rolling swale,
I've watched the bison pass;
I've seen the lonely prairie trail
Wind thro' the rustling grass;
I've felt the cool winds sweep the
plain
Where Nature's hand is free;
But now they break o'er leagues of
grain,
Like ripples o'er the sea.

I've seen full many a summer come,
And many a winter go,
Till my step is weak and my hand is
numb,
And my hair like the driven snow.
I live in the past with the years that
were
My joys are those I've known,
There's too much stir in the Western
air;
I wish you'd leave me alone.

Where creaked the old Red River cart
In loud, discordant tones,
The shy coyote stirred apart
The dried-out buffalo bones
And there along the coulee side
The wolf had made her lair.
But the fields of wheat are waving
wide,
And I see just things that were.

Never mind if I live in the past;
'Twas a life worth while to see
The buffalo roam on the prairies vast,
And the red man riding free,
I've felt the breath of life on my cheek
In the days of the long ago,
And God! what it is to be old and
weak,
There none but the aged know.

Too much life for the old man now,
When the trains go whizzing by,
When the land all' round is broke by
the plow,
And there's nothing meets the eye
But the everlasting fields of grain
And fences made of wire.
And furrows broke across the plain
To stop the prairie fire.

I've seen the prairie schooners come
With white tops glittering far,
Bold adventurers seeking a home,
Where now your wheatfields are.
But then was only the grassy waste
As far as the eye could see,
Yet sunbrowned men to the westward
faced,
And one of those men was me.

I don't know but what we were happy
too,
When there weren't the towns so
near,
But times have changed since the
roads were new,
And so has the pioneer.
And maybe when I have the call to go
Out over the great divide,
The Lord will try and arrange it so
I can prospect the other side.

Far, far, I see against the skies
The herds of bison pass.
The trail to far-off outposts lies
Across the waste of grass.
I feel the cool wind on my cheek
As I ride far from men—
But God! I am so old and weak
I'll never ride again.

THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

THE OLD AND THE NEW

It's always the way at the festive board,
When the bottles are passed, and the drinks are poured,
When the tales are told, and the songs are sung,
That they call for a man with a good long tongue.

And that is the reason, as far as I see,
Why you've done me the honor of calling on me.
And I've never indulged in a liquor more strong
Than Maclean's aqua pura we drink right along.

It's really a fact that I cannot explain,
How it is that the water works into the brain,
But our medical officer, seeking for germs,
Perhaps can explain in the technical terms.

We could hear of bacteria, microbes, and such,
In a manner most able our feelings to touch,
And when we imagined the things that we drank,
It would not be the half of what are in the tank.

However that's something we never will know
Unless we look in when the pressure is low,
When the Fire Chief is boiling with wrath and with rage.
As he watches the pressure go down in the gauge.

There's no doubt, if pressure were once brought to bear,
We could get some light on this doubtful affair,
And I've no doubt at all that the crowd would be thinn'd
If I talked about nothing but water and wind.

However, no man that has brains in his head
Could ever get far from this glorious spread,
When the great horn of Plenty pours forth for our use,
The best that our country could ever produce.

And really, we cannot help thinking at last
Of the wonderful changes thro' which we have passed,
For some of us lived on the old hunting ground
When a few of the buffalo once travelled around.

And we mind of the days when the air was thick
With the fragrant perfume of "kinn-a-kinnic,"
When the meat we ate and considered the best,
Was the pemmican dried in the windy West.

Then we never thought of the germs of disease
That might be harbored by blanketed Crees,
And we drank the Saskatchewan water pure,
And were really quite happy, altho' we were poor.

But, even then, there were cranks galore,
Who liked it better with something more,
And took the taste of the water away
With a little old rum of the Hudson Bay.

Those were the days that will come no more,
When a man wouldn't wake with his head quite sore,
Where Police Chief Lancey keeps them stored,
For a five-dollar fine, or a ten day's board.

We answered our sins to our conscience and soul,
And not to a City Police Patrol,
And dreaded far more than perhaps was seen,
The genial remonstrance of Doctor MacQueen.

When we had affairs to debate and discuss
No present-day etiquette counted with us,
And the man who could win our election campaign
Was one who was neighborly, homely and plain.

THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

13

And we'd meet of a night in the village stores,
And sit on the counters, and spit on the floors—
While if we should sit on a counter to-day,
They'd get Sergeant McCallum to take us away.

We never thought, in those days long since,
That a man might grow into a merchant-prince
Who sat on the counter and answered back
To the name of Alec, or Jim, or Jack.

And we never thought we would live to see
Lots at Two Hundred, or even Three,
In places marked "Delton" and "Lauderdale"
Halfway out on the old Fort trail.

O, if we had known, what we know of now,
(As perhaps some dreamed of it anyhow)
We might have had something, tonight, to remark
On what we would take for a city park.

There's really no use to express regret
For lots of old timers are with us yet,
Who could tell of experience they went thro'

That savored a little of hardship too.

And, perhaps, none better were versed in the ways
Of the rough little outposts of earlier days,
Where men toiled far from their childhood home,
Than our pioneer missionary, Father Lacombe.

Never a red man throughout the West
But honors the Black Robe's teachings the best,
And never a white, with religion or none,
But acknowledges good that the father has done.

And out in the West where the plains are broad,
And men can get face to face with their God;

There the mind of a man will broaden as well,
Till he thinks about something but Heaven and Hell.

And Narrowness sprung from sectarian creed,
Intolerance, Bigotry, Grasp and Greed,
Can never survive in the Western air
Where the brotherly spirit is everywhere.

Fill up the glasses, then, if you please
To English Roses and Fleur-de-Lys,
But often enough in your hearts you'll mean
The Thistle, the Leek, or the Shamrock green.

We're proud of old Edmonton thro' and thro',
And our sister town of Strathcona too
And we'll keep on boosting them right ahead,
And others will boost them when we are dead.

And if Taylor's street-cars get stuck for an hour,
We lay it all on MacNaughton's power.
And if there are times when the lights go out,
We know it's the street cars without a doubt.

Then we growl a little and work away
And say, "There will be the devil to pay,
But we'll doctor that Plant in a year or so,
When Assessor MacMillan can raise the dough.

It's all very well for us to spiel about all the things that we know were real,
But to cast for the Future a horoscope,
We have to have money to put with our hope.

'Tis easy, and simple, and handy withal
When we go to the Strowger that hangs on the wall
To ask for long distance and speak to a friend,
And Calgary answers the other end.

THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

We have eased up the strain of our
constant "Hello!".
Since the girls down at Central had
really to go,
And no doubt but our language is
more in command,
Now Cummings has taken the system
in hand.

When the Fire Alarm's sent from the
box on the street,
By the watchful policeman who
tramps on his beat,
The alarm bell at Central rings sharp-
ly and strong,
And the Modern Fire Wagons come
dashing along.

All this is quite diff'rent from old calls
of Fire,
When they dragged the old ladder
thro' slush and thro' mire,
And the hose reels were hauled by
the whole of the crew,
Cap. Lauder along with the boys in
the blue.

With all the improvements that Ed-
monton owns
Its buildings so modern, it's lighting
and phones,
The men who have brought all these
changes around
Are the same as when first they were
new on the ground.

The names of our pioneer settlers will
stand
When Edmonton's history is old in
the land,
And he who has written will pause
where he wrote,
To think on the fortunes of Daly and
Groat.

Of Macdougall, and Secord, and
Fraser and Ross
And all the old fellows who ventured
across
To where they were sure that their
fortunes would lie
With Macauley, and Lauder, and also
McKie.

We have started afresh on another
new year,
And the Old and New Timers along
with us here,
Will do all they can for the good of
the town,
And, when working together, we'll
never go down.

THE RIDERS OF THE NORTH

A regimental song for the 19th Al-
berta Mounted Rifles. Written while
in camp at Calgary, June, 1908.

We're the boys from the land of the
beaver,
And the land where the wild goose
flies,
We're the men who believe that free-
dom
Is the grandest thing to prize;
We are the boys that can shoot and
ride,
And love to follow the hunt;
So come what may, with a hip hooray!
You will always find us in front.

Chorus:
Hooray! hooray! for Edmonton,
Our Capital so fair,
For S'cona and for Morinville,
And little St. Albair.
Vive le Roi, and Vive la Reine,
And when there's fighting to be seen
You'll always want to get the North-
ern men;
And when the work is thro',
And there's nothing more to do,
We'll be hiking back to Edmonton
again.

By the banks of the broad Saskatche-
wan,
In plenty, our lot's been cast.
There's a living for those who seek it,
And a chance to put something past,
If you'd see life in old Calgaree,
The time for to hit the town,
Is along in the good old summer-time,
When the boys of the North come
down.

Chorus.
In the bonnie north country they feed
us,
On grub that makes men of us all;
In the south-land they dish you in
summer
The meat that was killed in the fall;
The wind blows here every day in the
year,
From peaks that are covered with
snow,
But what care we, for when we are
free,
We'll strike our camp and go.

Chorus:

Away up north to Edmonton,
 Our capital so fair,
 Fort Saskatchewan and Morinville,
 And little Sant Albair.
 Vive le Roi, and vive la Reine,
 And when there's fighting to be seen,
 You'll always want to get the
 Northern men,
 But when the work is thro',
 And there's nothing more to do.
 We'll be hiking back to Edmonton
 again.

Chorus.

We are known as the 19th Rifles,
 We are known as Rustlers too,
 But we don't care what they call us,
 If they treat us as white men do;
 And if there is grub to be rustled
 We'll see that it all comes forth,
 And if there's a scrap where we're
 needed,
 You can count on the men of the
 North.

EDMONTON, PAST AND PRESENT

We stood as an outpost of the world,
 On the margin of civilization,
 Where the three-cross flag remained
 unfurled,
 But we scarce were part of a nation.
 Exiles far from the Motherland,
 In trading posts stockaded,
 And little we thought what the Lord
 had planned,
 As we bartered and trucked, and
 traded.

Far away from the haunts of men
 The beaver dwelt secluded,
 Where the wild duck hid in the marshy
 fen,
 And the moose alone intruded.
 But the lonely trapper forced his way,
 And the white-faced axeman fol-
 lowed,
 'Till they put the stakes of the great
 survey
 In the place where the buffalo wal-
 lowed.

The wind that rustled the prairie
 grass
 Blew shrill as it broke for cover,
 Fresh as it came from the mountain
 pass
 To travel the broad plains over.
 And the thunder was heard of the fly-
 ing hooves,

Where the buffalo wild stamped,
 Out over the ridge where the dust
 cloud moves,
 And the hunters pass unheeded.

Along the stretch of the winding trail
 By the long grass fairly hidden,
 The creaking ox-carts seldom fail
 To pass where the scouts have rid-
 den,
 And this is the trade that the country
 boasts,
 The unvarying load they carry—
 The bales of furs from the northern
 posts
 That go out by the old Fort Garry.

The red-coat trooper from "Pile o'
 Bones"**
 To the "Great Lone Land" came
 riding,
 Bringing the law with its strident
 tones,
 For the points that need deciding,
 The law that the land had never
 found,
 The law of the eastern cities—
 The law that the white man carries
 around
 For trials and peace committees.

Then the prairie schooners followed
 fast,
 Along in straight succession,
 And the watching red man stood
 aghast.
 For he knew they took possession,
 That the men had come to claim the
 soil,
 To hold what they won securely,
 That the land might yield to an hon-
 est toil,
 And give to the settler surely.

'Twas then that the little frontier post
 Crept into civilization,
 When the progress we, as Britishers,
 boast,
 Had brought us into the nation.
 And being such, and thinking as such,
 With the blood and the brain behind
 us,
 We couldn't refrain from doing as
 much
 As would put us where now you find
 us.

With the advent, too, of the lines of
 steel
 Which have girded our broad Do-
 minion,

*Regina.

THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

Our dreamers saw things that were
far more real
Than the usual lay of opinion.
And if results attained have been
great
It has been thro' men that were
frugal,
As our council for Nineteen Hundred
and Eight,
In the time of our Mayor Macdou-
gall.

We used to be in the far North-West,
And we raised no great objection,
But now our climate has proved of
the best,
We proffer a slight correction,
Only that, if not in the south,
At least we're the radial centre
Of an inland empire with nothing of
drouth—
A land that a world could enter.

The old log village that stood alone
Has faded away in the distance,
And a proud new city of brick and
stone
Now grows with a calm persistence.
Beneath it the broad Saskatchewan
flows,
As swift and unchanged as ever,
While the steady stream of our com-
merce grows,
With the tide of our own endeavor.

In this year that has only passed
We have witnessed the institution,
Of a street-car system that comes at
last
As a traffic problem solution.
For tho' once we could travel in Red
River carts,
We never could call it a passion,
And the real Old Timer around these
parts
Has grown away from the fashion.

We've had things right, and we've had
things wrong,
But judging it all with reason,
We are proud of the men who have
helped us along,
And more of this bygone season.
We have looked at the time that be-
hind us lies,
We have looked at our former con-
dition,
And Industry, Energy, Enterprise,
Shall still be our city's ambition.

ALBERTA RIFLES

Out over Alberta's sunny plains
The red-coat riders come.
They muster in at the bugle call
To march at the tuck of drum;
And the youthful spirit of the West
Is our young Alberta's pride,
And Hope springs high in each daunt-
less breast
When the Mounted Rifles ride.

What more could the heart of youth
desire,
Or what could it grander term
Than a spirited steed between your
knees
And a seat in the saddle firm,
The crisp, keen air of the prairie wide
To fill your lungs to the full,
And comrades good upon either side
In the garb of old John Bull?

If we have a thought, it is for the
land
We love so well and long;
If we have a hope it is that her sons
May guard her from aught of wrong.
And if there's a sight we love to see
It's when in the bright sunshine
Out over the prairie far and free
The rifles swing into line.

Far to the dim horizon's rim
The great broad prairies lie,
And the fresh breeze ripples the long
sweet grass
In under the clear blue sky,
Breathing across the verdant waste
Where the great cloud shadows pass
And Nature, by man is undefaced
On the boundless sea of grass.

This to us is the chosen land,
And the land of Promise fair,
And we will ride the prairie wide
And breathe Alberta air,
And swear that never was a land
More free than this our own,
And we take our place with the men
that stand
For the power of Britain's throne.

Up, comrades, up! We ride in peace
But should the bugles blow
And foemen threaten the land we love,
Then we are the boys to go.
Ours is the hope of the broad, free
West,
Where men cringe not with fear,
Where the future holds what is good
and best
And the spirit of God is near.

THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

17

Forward! March! Let us onward ride
In the pride and strength of youth
Citizen-soldiers loyal at heart
And proving the same in truth,
Fearing God, and loving the land,
And honoring well the King,
Riding at Duty's firm command
Whatever the future bring.

Out over Alberta's sunny plains
The long red columns go
Swinging along to the summer camp
And thus would they meet a foe
For the youthful spirit of the West
Is young Alberta's pride,
And we echo a cheer from the land so
blest.
When the Mounted Rifles ride.

WE'LL RALLY 'ROUND THE OLD FLAG, BOYS, ONCE MORE

Haul up the Union Jack, my lads,
Let it float proudly forth,
For under it our fathers won
These lands both South and North;
For under it our fathers sail'd
The seas both East and West.
No wonder 'tis the good old flag
Canadians love the best.

Chorus:

We'll rally 'round the old flag, boys,
once more,
We'll rally 'round the flag again.
As our sires have stood so oft, boys,
Where the old Jack waves aloft, boys,
The flag of the free-born men.

The white cross of St. Andrew rests
Upon its field of blue—
The background of the British Jack
And British Empire too,
For wheresoe'er that flag has gone.
'Twill ever bring to mind,
The best blood of the Scottish race
Was never far behind.

Chorus:

The red cross of St. Patrick lies
Conjoin'd with Scotland's own.
It shows the similarity
Of Celtic blood and tone,
The Celtic love of liberty,
The inborn Celtic pride:
So Scots and Irish 'round the world
Stand ever side by side.

Chorus.

And over all, St. George's cross
Is blazoned broad to show,
The broadness of the English mind
To either friend or foe.
The bold red cross'd bars plainly tell
What has been ever clear,
That English hearts where'er they
dwell
Are never prone to fear.

Chorus.

Haul up the British flag, my lads,
Let it float forth to tell
The stranger from an alien land
Who comes with us to dwell,
How Britons stand to Britons true
And all our sires have done,
Has taught our British hearts to prize
What British arms have won.

Chorus.

And we'll rally 'round the old flag,
boys, once more;
We'll rally 'round the flag again.
As our sires have stood so oft, boys
Where the old flag waves aloft, boys—
The flag of the free-born men.

THE KING! GOD BLESS HIM

Now let the toast go 'round and 'round
To British hearts on British ground
And wheresoe'er they may be found—
"Our King! God bless him."

'Tis long since Britain's isle has
known,
On Scotland's famed historic stone
That saw her old kings crowned at
Scone,
A king—God bless him.

Yet we have known the years of peace,
The years of plenty and increase,
Nor with a king our prayers shall
cease,
We'll pray: "God bless him."

God give him grant of years a store
As his Queen mother had before,
And all the love her subjects bore,
Be his: God bless him.

Be his to look abroad and feel
That dusky liegemen's hearts are leal,
And strange dark races daily kneel
To say: "God bless him."

Be his to look abroad o'er seas
Where stalwart Britons true as these
Give honor to their King's decrees
And pray: "God bless him."

O'er lands of many a creed and caste,
Where freedom has but lately
passed,
Be his the hand to hold it fast—
Our King's: God bless him.

So sweet contentment still may bide,
And shed its joys on every side,
That Britain's Empire far and wide,
May sing: God bless him.

Then pledge we as our fathers erst,
To kings their island Empire nursed,
Old England's Seventh, Scotland's
First;
Edward—God bless him.

Fill up, fill up your glasses wide,
Till flowing drops run o'er the side,
And we will drink whate'er betide—
Our King, God bless him.

So, let the toast go 'round and 'round
To all true hearts on British ground.
Till echoes o'er the Earth resound—
The King! God bless him.

THE 101st FUSILIERS

There is no sound of the booming
guns,
To startle the peaceful air,
But we go by the maxim our fathers
form'd,

"In the midst of peace prepare."
For we are sprung of an old, old land
That has seen the best and the worst
And our own war lords have wisely
planned,
When they gave us the Hundred and
First.

Our sires of old they were island-born
And held from the world aloof;
They were all to the hardness of war
inured,

And of that they gave good proof.
And we are trained to the arts of peace
And not as our fathers erst;
Yet the breed of the bulldogs shall
not cease
While we hold to the Hundred and
First.

Our fathers clung to a rock-girt isle
But they reached their hands for
more;

When the Lion growl'd on the white
chalk cliffs,

There was never a dearth of war.
They train'd good men for the land
and sea,

Or ever the war-cloud burst—
And blood was no better, nor hearts
more free,

Than here in the Hundred and First

We have spread in the lands our fath-
ers won;

We have welcomed the stranger in
To share in our freedom of laws and
thought,

And be to ourselves akin.
But we have not forgot what that
freedom cost

In blood of martyrs immersed,
And the sense of true honor shall nev-
er be lost,

To the men of the Hundred and
First.

We reach our hands for a generous
clasp.

To men of an alien birth—
Men of a swart or a sallow skin
From the utmost parts of Earth,
And we only ask that they heed the
laws

And they do not need them re-
hearsed,

For we've men to back up our coun-
try's cause,
Like those of the Hundred and First.

The old red bunting is out in the
breeze;

The men are out on the plain,
It is well to prepare in times of peace
And 'tis for ourselves we train.
Lads, be true to your own true selves,
And you never will be reversed;
To God and your Liege, and the land
we love,
And the O.C.* Hundred and First.

Gaily the bugles are blowing now,
But not for the fields of war.
Still we have not forgot what our fath-
ers taught,

Tho' the world is teaching us more;
And if ever a sullen foe appears
To try what they've seldom durst,
It may meet with the Edmonton Fusiliers—

The gallant Hundred and First.

Edmonton, April 15th, '09.

*Officer Commanding.

THE LADS IN THE FIRING LINE

There's a tender spot in each heart
to-night
For the lads that do and dare,
Away on the far-off Afric veldt
In the hot dust-laden air;
Those boys that are risking their lives
each day
In defence of the Empire's cause,
And not for the greed of a paltry pay,
Nor alone for a vain applause.

A cry there came from the Mother-
land,
A cry that was heard afar,
And brave men hastened on every
hand
And girded themselves for war.
Britannia needed no second call
And Britannia needs no third
For her sons are ready—aye, one and
all—
To start at the whispered word.

From shore to shore of our broad
domain,
And all with the one desire,
Men from the mountain and men from
the plain,
And none that would flinch from
fire;
True hearts all, and as brave men can
They were eager to strike a blow
And the only striving 'twixt man and
man
Was the striving for who should go.

They went, the pick of the best we
had,
To strike for the Empire's right,
And many a home to-day is sad
For a son that fell in fight;
And those that have given their lives
so free
Have proved with a right good will,
That the sons of Britain where'er they
be,
Are the same old metal still.

Oh! proudly their country saw them
start,
Tho' perchance at heart she sighed,
And where was ever a British heart,
But beat with an honest pride?
And now there are many that join'd
the ranks
To go from our own sweet land,
That are laid by the side of the Mod-
der's banks
In a shallow grave of sand.

But tho' Britain weeps for her hero
dead,
The blood of her many slain,
And Canada sighs for the spirits fled,
That shall ne'er return again,
Yet ever the three-cross flag goes on
In the face of the hottest fire,
And hundreds of faces are blanched
and drawn
'Ere the kharki coats retire.

And on 'mid the scream of the bursting
shell
And the whizz of the Mauser balls,
On in the mouth of a sulphurous hell
Where the brunt of the battle falls,
With a rousing cheer to the fierce
attack,
And a bayonet gleam in the sun,
Ever on till the foe give back,
And the trench or the kopje's won.

So go the troops that have Britain
made
In the Empire beyond the seas,
And who can say that our strength's
decayed,
When we still have such as these?
In the ranks of the regiments their
fathers served,
In many a bloody fray,
When the steel was out and the hearts
were nerved,
So go the sons to-day.

Yet not where the foemen's cannon
booms
Go the Old Land's lads alone,
For here is a waving of ostrich plumes
That tells of Australia's own;
Troopers from India, tried and true,
That the firing line receives,
And New Zealand's best, they are
fighting too,
Along with the Maple Leaves.

Then let outside nations gibe and jeer,
But why should we heed their taunts
When the call of Britain goes far and
near,
And meets with so brave response?
When the old flag flings out its folds
again,
O'er freemen that ne'er shall fall,
John Bull has the money, the ships
and the men
And courage to back them all.

THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

There's a tender spot in each heart
 to-night,
For the lads that do or die
Far away on the burning veldt,
 Under a cloudless sky;
And if those who are fighting are
 striving so
 That the rights of men increase,
Should we feel less the patriot glow
 That we bide at home in peace?

THE OLD RED FLAG OF BRITAIN

There is lots of talk and rumor
 Of impending strife to be,
When the old Ironsides of Britain
 Shall be driven from the sea.
We have heard some vile predictions,
 The result of pure ill-will;
But the old red flag of Britain;
 It is proudly waving still.

We have lived thro'out the twelve-month
 That is only just deceased,
To find the foes of Britain
 Have been trebly more increased.
We have heard the curse that gathers
 On the blood our soldiers spill;
But the old red flag of Britain,
 It is somehow floating still.

The century sees it waving
 Where the people know its worth,
For only Uncle Kruger
 Is an outcast on the earth;
And the nations see it flaunting
 O'er the famed Majuba Hill;
For the old red flag of Britain
 It is proudly waving still.

They are praising "Bobs Bahadur,"
 For the tactics of the war;
They've given him an earldom,
 Which he's rightly fitted for.
Men are speaking of his genius—
 None can ever doubt his skill—
For he planned to set the old flag
 Where it's proudly waving still.

So all praise to gallant Roberts,
 And to Kitchener the same;
And the host of other leaders
 That have crowned the list of Fame,
Let foemen scoff in anger,
 As, be sure, they always will;
But, what matter if the old flag
 Be floating bravely still.

Nor, yet alone to leaders,
 May Britain give her thanks,

For well were they supported
 By the men who swell the ranks.
And when Britain calls for soldiers,
 We have men to fill the bill,
To help protect the old flag,
 And keep it waving still.

AT HALF-MAST

(Written on the death of President McKinley)

Cousins across the border line,
 Yours is a sorrow keen;
You mourn your murdered President
 As we have mourned our Queen.
The kindly word you gave to us
 We give it trebly back—
Old Glory flutters down the mast,
 We lower down the Jack.

In this, your hour of deepest grief,
 We reach you out our hands;
We're kinsmen still, by ties of blood
 Altho' of diff'rent lands.
And now, while sadness clouds each
 heart
 And homes are draped with black,
Half-mast droops down your Union
 flag,
 And half-mast hangs the Jack.

The British heart is often rough,
 Nor used to cultured ways;
The British tongue has little skill
 In framing courtly phrase;
But sympathy, the British heart,
 Will never, never lack;
Nor in the hour of death refuse
 To lower down the Jack.

The fell assassins cowardly blow
 With us that horror meets,
Which only in your Yankee breasts
 The old "fair play" repeats;
Which stirs the anger in our hearts
 That justice cannot slack—
As you let fall the Stars and Bars
 And we, the Union Jack.

In mute salute we lower them,
 These grim old rags of state;
Pray God, the days are passing by
 When hearts are filled with hate,
When Anarchy goes stalking forth
 With murder in its track—
And for its victims we let down
 The Starry Flag and Jack.

THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

21

Not only President but man,
For one whose mind was broad;
With heart-love for his fellow-men,
With soul-love for his God.
Our hearts with gloom are overcast,
As, mourning, we look back—
Old Glory flutters down the mast,
We lower down the Jack.

THE MESSAGE OF GRIEF

Woe in the heart of Britain,
And over the whole wide world,
Wherever the flags of the Empire
Ever have been unfurled.
Listless those flags are drooping,
Hung at a low half-mast,
For the greatest soul of the Empire
now
Has out of the Empire passed.

Sixty years and more,
The length of her sovereign reign,
Peace, and little of war,
And much of a nation's gain.

Sadness over the nation,
And under the seas 'tis sped—
The message that tells to Britons.
The word that their Queen is dead.
Sadly the news is taken
By hard bronzed men afar.
From up in the Land of the Midnight
Sun
To under the Southern Star.

Rich in a people's love,
Throned in the heart of a race,
Hope fixed high above,
Queen in a queenly place.

Canada hears the message.
In cities that throb with life,
And the pang comes home to her
people,
Sharp as a cutting knife.
And swift away to the westward
Flashes the news again,
O'er prairies and foothills, and moun-
tains and lakes.
To sadden the hearts of men.

Gentle of hand and heart.
Firm with a royal will;
Queen, with a queenly art,
Blest with a womanly skill.

Over the earth it passes,
Swift as a thought, to reach
Lands that are little opened.
Men with an alien speech.

Red men and black men hear it.
And half in awe, they tell
How the "Great Mother" has gone
away
From the children who loved her
well.

Glorious. Heavenly lot.
Naught of the Earth's decay;
A kingdom that fadeth not,
Nor crown that shall pass away.

HOPE

O, Life is sweet and the world is fair
When 'tis Hope that urges us on,
And we all are plunged in the depth of
despair

The moment that Hope is gone.
And Hope is a charmer and Hope is a
stay,
And Hope is a beacon to brighten our
way;
So let the earth's shadows come ever
so gray,
'Tis Hope that heralds the dawn.

And, whether we look to the world
apart,
Or trust in a dawn to be,
We are brighter grown with a hope at
heart

Of a future we long to see.
And Hope comes ever before our sight,
To cheer our souls on the darkest
night,
That our path in the world may again
be light
And our feet unfettered and free.

O, we may go up by the mountains of
doubt
That are drear to the inward ken,
Where the chidings of self but find us
out

And harry our souls again.
And Life without Love is a round of
care,
And Love without Hope is a mockery
bare;
But Hope, little angel, comes light as
the air,
With its God-given message to men.

Despondency comes with forebodings
dread,
And filling our hearts with gloom,
Till the best of life-impulse is stag-
nant and dead
And our lives have lost all of their
bloom.

THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

O, man without Hope is a leaf on the blast,
Or a chip in the stream of Eternity cast,
A moment to linger then swiftly borne past,
And hastened along to his doom.

Yet let us have faith in the years to be,
And journey toward the dawn,
And the true Socialistical end we shall see
Of the plan that God's mercy has drawn.
And what of avail are the times long sped,
The plans we had formed, the ambitions long dead,
Let us live for the future, keep looking ahead
Where Hope keeps beckoning on.

UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIERY

(April 25th, 1898.)

We are marchin', we are marchin',
With a million men or more,
An' we're in a powerful hustle
Fer ter reach the scene of war,
Fer we're goin' down ter Cuba
Fer ter turn the Spaniards out.
We're the great American Army
Thet ye've heerd so much about.

Chorus—

Then buckle on the cartridge belt
An' wipe the rusty lock
Fer there must be more in this yere war
That merely chaff an' talk.
An' whar's the nation that can boast
Like Yankees born can spout?
An' aren't we the Yankee host
Ye've hearn tell about?

We are marchin' forth ter glory
An' be it understood,
We are goin' inter battle
Ter avenge a people's blood,
Fer we feel fer these poor Cubans
As anybody mout,
Fer we're the great Americans
Ye've heerd so much about.

We are must'ring, we are mustering,
An' who will not enlist
Fer war an' filibustering
The tyrants ter resist,

When we're going forth ter glory
As we hevn't got a doubt
Fer we're the great Americans
Ye've heerd so much about.

We are longin' we are longin',
Both the nigger troops an' white
Fer ter hev a brush with Spanish dons
An' whip 'em outer sight.
Fer we know thet Yankee pluck an' nerve
Could put 'em all ter rout,
Fer isn't it the boys in blue
Ye hear so much about?

We are prayin', we are prayin',
Every man thet wears the blue,
Fer ter meet them yaller dagoes,
An' we'll show 'em what we'll do.
Fer we made J. Bull skedaddle,
Tho' they say he's mighty stout,
An' when we get "Boots an' Saddle,"
We're the boys ye'll hear about.

We are achin', we are achin',
Fer ter get 'em on the go,
Like we had old Santa Anna
In the war with Mexico,
An' you bet it's somethin' more than wind
Thet makes us want ter shout
When there's cheap American whisky
Bein' handed 'round about.

Then wave the good old Stars an' Stripes,
Thet guilt has never stained;
The Yankee's sword he never wipes
Until his point is gained.
An' Cubans, your affairs an' ours,
Tho' other nation's flout,
We'll give European powers
Some more ter talk about.

DOHERTY

To a boarding house friend
With considerable voracity,
Who will pardon I am sure
With his usual sagacity,
These somewhat blunt remarks
On his storage capacity.

Delicious savory steaks and pies,
From which the richest odors rise.
Who gloats o'er them with longing eyes?
Doherty, 'tis Doherty.

O, for those hours when we partake
Of "sowps of brose," and bits of
steak,
For who, of life a feast can make
Like Doherty, friend Doherty

Ho! all ye weary-laden come
When ye have cleaned up every
crumb;
Join with me while I'm singing some
To Doherty, great Doherty.

Enable me to sing this song
And trip me up if I be wrong,
And pass the Worcester Sauce along
To Doherty, our Doherty.

'Round all the board, on one and all
His most paternal glances fall,
And we are at the beck and call
Of Doherty, wise Doherty.

They who would reach his heart of
hearts
Must practice culinary arts,
And for the grub when supper starts
Doherty, 'tis Doherty.

Yet blood runs hot in Irish veins,
And let me out while he explains,
Before he bashes out my brains,
Doherty, our Doherty.

ONE OF THE GENUS HOBO

Only a poor, old, wretched tramp,
Ragged and dirty, matted and damp,
Bearing the unmistakeable stamp
Of one of the genus hobo.

One of humanity who has stood
Against working himself for his daily
food,
One of that famous brotherhood
That goes by the name of hobo.

A wreck on the Sea of Life adrift,
Where gales are frequent and currents
swift,
Where the clouds of adversity never
lift,
O'er the derelict soul of a hobo.

A useless hulk 'mid the worldly strife,
Where stormy weather is all too rife,
Where the ship that battles the odds
of Life,
Sails scornfully by the hobo.

Toss'd about by the winds of fate,
Heading a course that is never
straight,
Till the gulfs of Death that for all
await
Close over the helpless hobo.

Only a "bum," does it matter then
If his soul fits forth, how it goes or
when?
He is simply a leech on his fellow-men
And goes by the name of hobo.

A day there cometh, when Death will
strike,
As it cometh to rich and poor alike,
And Weary Willie or Mouldy Mike,
Will go as a simple hobo.

Then the flame will fade from the flick'ring lamp,
And the soul will flit from its earthly camp,
And the world will be rid of another tramp,
And one of the genus hobo.

Bearing the soul of a man withal,
Tho' dwarfed and stunted, compressed
and small,
The end of the trail is not ending all,
To even the soul of a hobo.

EPITAPH ON NED O-D-R-Y

Here lies Ned
Who's supposed to be dead,
But his mem'ry will live forever,
For the way that he talked
All the modesty shocked
Of the church and the Christian
Endeavor.

And if he got to Heaven,
The people of Devon
Would surely have cause to be proud
For 'there ne'er was a bloke,
Who defended the folk
Of his country so long and so loud.

Of Canadian birth,
And Canadian earth,
He never saw reason to brag,
And if he had his way
All the Yankees to-day
Would be buried, wrapped up in
their flag.

THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

But he ever harped on
Of the old English brawn,
And the things that the English can
do,
And to emphasize all
To his aid he would call
An occasional swear word or two.

He had shovelled more coal
In a "bleedin'" stoke hole,
Than the most of us knew had been
mined,
And he ran 'round the Horn
Long before we were born
With the whole British fleet far be-
hind.

Tho' a young man in years
From his speech it appears
He had travelled the whole world
around,
Till his head it got gray
And he journeyed away
To the land where blanketed hoboies
abound.

Here he put in his time
Handling lumber and lime,
And he lived by the sweat of his
brow,
Till he lost all his strength
And he died off at length,
And the devil has got him by now.

Us will raise up a slab
For his gift of the gab
And us hopes it will not be amiss
If us drops but one tear
For the time he was here,
For he likely is damned before this.

Note.—Written while working for
the lumber firm of W. H. Clark & Co.,
Edmonton. Old Ned jumped the job
the day after it was penned.

MOSQUITOES

My eyes in slumber tightly close;
Most welcome is the night's repose;
No troubled thoughts my sleep con-
demn;
And yet I hear the hum of 'M—
Mosquitoes.

Oft have my gluey eyelids blinked
As that dread sound grows more
distinct
And bills are now presented, though
'Tis really but a grudge I O—
Mosquitoes.

Still as I try to calm my mind
And to my fate grow more resigned,
While scratching at the itchiness
I grow as crooked as an S—
Mosquitoes.

Quiet the eventide may bring,
As poets are inclined to sing,
But not to suffering mortals, who
Thus lie and yank their beds as Q—
Mosquitoes.

Unvisited by pleasant dreams,
I lie and think; but as it seems,
On nothing can I think so true
As what I now present to U—
Mosquitoes.

I imagine, reader, if you can,
The actions of a frantic man;
And yet you may not need to try,
For you may know as well as I—
Mosquitoes.

Then taking it for granted so,
I need 'not any further go,
But hope you in these verses see
The scene depicted to a T—
Mosquitoes.

On bed of down a king may stretch
His wearied limbs; poor luckless
wretch,
If scatters sing their tale of woe,
He can but scratch and mutter O—
Mosquitoes.

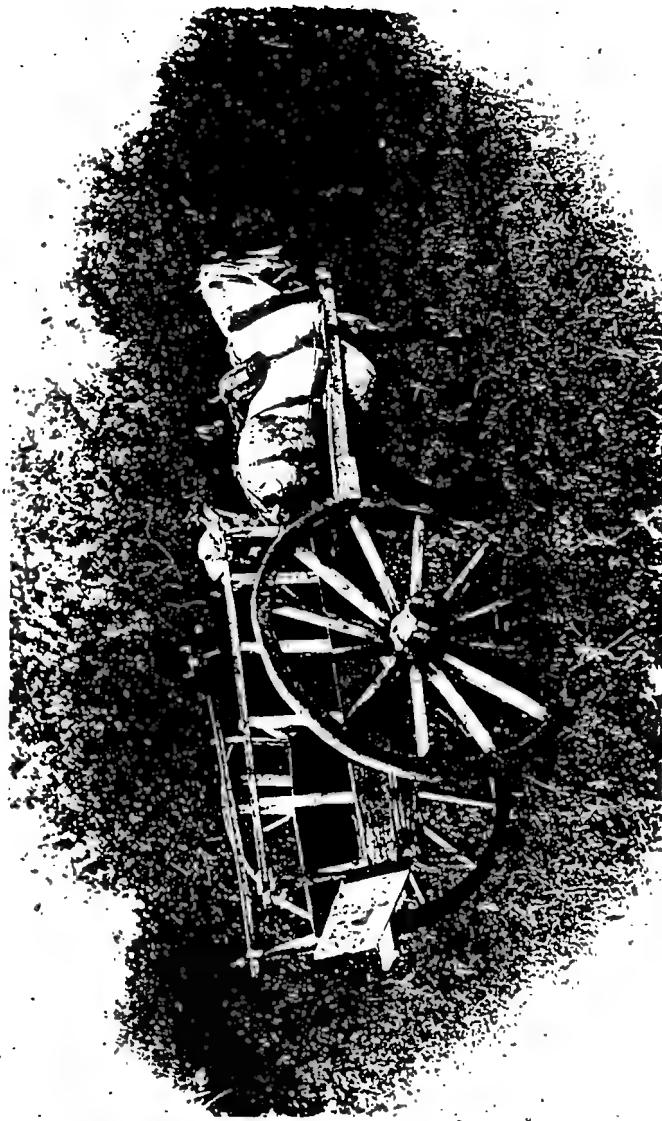
Esconced beneath his counterpane,
Still troubled is that monarch's
reign,
For tho' from skilled assassin free
Some other pests are worse than 'E
Mosquitoes.

Scarce are my themes, O baleful Muse,
And scarce I can my talent use,
For twisted thus in sore distress,
The human frame becomes an S—
Mosquitoes.

Then, sinful men, put up a prayer,
And I will help to rhyme it;
If guilt should warrant change of air
And in a hotter climate,
Tho' of a warm reception sure,
(Here all may lend their dittoes)
Whatever pangs we there endure
May there be no mosquitoes.

*Where creaked the old Red River cart
In loud, discordant tones.*

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THE PARTING OF THE WAY

I don't know what the world would say
 And I don't know that I care,
 For if I loved you and you loved me,
 Then that was our affair,
 And I know this that I loved you
 But I doubt if you loved me,
 So it may be best that we parted thus
 God knows. It's hard to see.

It's hard to brush up against the world
 When you're brushing along alone,
 But troubles seem few and burdens
 light

With someone to call your own.
 And I know this that I loved once
 And I doubt if I'll love again,
 For love comes often to women folks,
 But not so often to men.

But for a brief, brief space of time
 Our lives together had run,
 And we had much of brightness and
 joy

That now forever is done,
 And had you loved with a firm, true
 love,
 As I thought you were true,
 We would not have pass'd from each
 other's lives,
 As it seems we are bound to do.

We have come to the parting of the
 way,
 And, oh! but it's hard to bear,
 And you must go your way and I go
 mine,

And that is but our affair,
 For little the busy world will reck
 Of what was between we two,
 And I cannot een kiss you a last good-
 bye,

In the way that I used to do.

It's a cold, cold world when your
 friends grow cold,
 It is dull when your friends are few,
 But it's Hell when the girl goes out of
 your life,
 That had promised to travel with
 you.

And I know this, that I loved one,
 But I doubt if she loved me,
 So it may be best that we parted thus.
 God knows. It's hard to see.

THE STAY-AT-HOME.

Other men may venture far,
 But travel where they will,
 Comin' back home again
 They'll find me here still.

Globe-trotters run about
 And brag of what they see.
 But little old Canada
 Is good enough for me.

Never felt a bit inclined
 To wander far away.
 Never saw that chasin' 'round
 Was ever like to pay.
 Got that calm, contented mind
 That keeps a man at ease.
 And those that kick at Canada,
 Are mighty hard to please.

What's the reason why I stay
 Here, and neve roam?
 Never saw another place
 To make me feel at home;
 Always found the Western ways
 Mighty fair and free.
 And little old Canada
 Is good enough for me.

What's the use of goin' off
 To Switzerland, to climb
 Up the mountain sides, to have
 A high-falutin' time?
 What's the use of climbin' up
 To wade around in snow,
 When four months here in Canada
 We've got it down below?

Never saw a bit of sense
 In people goin' far
 To look around at scen'ry
 Where the highest mountains are:
 Just a level field of wheat
 Is all there has to be,
 And little old Canada
 Looks good enough to me.

Don't hanker after city life
 With piles of stone and brick,
 Where there's lots of smoke and fog
 To make a feller sick.
 All that I am askin' for,
 Is heaps of country air.
 And the place with most of it
 Can eas'ly keep me there.

Put me out upon the plains;
 Give me lots of room;
 Get me shook of tight-laced ways
 City folks assume.
 Let me go cavortin' 'round,
 An' feelin' full of glee,
 An' little old Canada
 Can fill the bill to me.

THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

What's the use in goin' South
 To travel in the heat,
 When Summer-time in Canada
 Is mighty hard to beat.
 Folks that ain't contented then,
 An' has a heap to say
 Should rustle up an ice-box
 An' stow themselves away.

Haven't got no sympathy,
 With folks that grumble here.
 Jest as easy for to smile
 As frown, an' look severe.
 Reckon I'm a stay-at-home?
 Well, yes—I just agree
 That this here part of Canada,
 Looks mighty good to me.

Edmonton, March 19th, '09.

WILL YOU THINK OF ME THEN
 (Written at Macleod.)

Onward we drove in the bright spring weather,
 Out where the plain sweeps wide and free,
 Onward we drove and we talked together,
 But say, had she ever a thought for me?
 The wild March wind is a gallant rover,
 And he carried her laugh with him afar,
 But the rig, it threatened to tip us over,
 And a fall out gives one an awful jar.

O, the Spring has many a charm to bring us,
 And Hope will be with us hand and glove.
 But never a song can the poets sing us,
 So sweet to us as a song of love;
 But who can fathom the hearts of maidens,
 Or who can say when their smile is vain?
 And the heart of the rhymer that grief o'erladens,
 Is not the heart of a love-sick swain.

So I gave her the lines and she took them over.
 O take, my lady, these lines as well.
 And happy angels may 'round you hover,
 And whisper words, as the poets tell.

For love may come, and may come in earnest,
 And the March wind carry your laugh again,
 But often enough when the month returnest,
 Say, do you think, you will think of me then?

THE SONG OF THE UNEMPLOYED

There are hurrying crowds in the city streets
 And faces are smiling and gay;
 Faces that look from their settings of fur
 On the beauties of Christmas day.
 But somehow the world doesn't seem so fair
 And the sun doesn't shine so bright,
 For I'm down to my bottom dollar now,
 And I haven't a job in sight.

And God but knows, it's hard
 To walk the streets and feel
 That pride must strive with hunger a while,
 To save the price of a meal.
 And I have struggled and hoped
 And had my hopes destroyed,
 For I am one of the men that are down
 In the ranks of the unemployed.

The windows are filled for the Christmas trade
 With trinkets and childish toys,
 Beautiful, beautiful, wonderful gifts
 For the rich men's girls and boys,
 But the men that are poor go hurrying past,
 With heads erect and high,
 For what is the use of looking at things
 When you haven't the cash to buy.

And there are kiddies at home,
 With clothes that are patched and worn,
 Who have looked for the coming of Christmas time,
 'Till I wish they had never been born,
 For what is the grandeur of honesty,
 When your pockets of pence are void,
 And what is the use of a Santa Claus,
 When you're one of the unemployed.

THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

27

I used to be buoy'd by the hope of
youth,
And looked to the years ahead,
But now I can think of nothing at all
But the price of meat and bread,
Only the price of meat and bread
And the cost of coal in town,
For how can the heart of a man be
light,
When the world is holding him down

For I know I have tried—
Tried and striven in vain,
And now I am sick of the battle of life
And weary in heart and brain.
And God, if there be a God
Knows that my heart is cloyed
With the wearyful, woeful, 'wilderling
want
In the home of the unemployed.

There are hastening throngs in the
city streets,
With faces cheerful and fair,
And what do they know of the hearts
of the poor
That are filled with a dark despair?
Many a form that is elbowing past
Knows more than a look can tell
And many a fight in our midst is
fought
Stubbornly, fierce and well.

The Christmas bells will ring
In the clear December air,
And the muffled forms will pass
On the crowded thoroughfare,
But "the poor ye have always with ye"
And hearts that are overjoyed,
Know little the sorrow at Christmas-
tide,
That comes to the unemployed.

December 14th, 1907.

THE OLD YULETIDE

Once more the Merry Christmas tide
Is wearing 'round again,
And Christmas spreads on every side
Her message old to men;
O, be ye all of goodly cheer,
And full of festive mirth,
And keep that day to nations dear
When Christ was born to earth.

Our fathers, in the olden days,
When nights were long and cool,
Went joyous forth to woodland ways
To fetch the logs at Yule.

And in the huge old fireplace, heaped
The wood with many a shout,
Till lightly sprang the sparks and
leaped,
Into the frost without.

And, high on old oak-panelled walls,
They wreathed the evergreen,
While round abcut the ancient halls
The holly gay was seen;
And who, beneath the mistletoe
A maid might spy, I wis,
Might levy tribute, justly so,
And claim a Christmas kiss.

Then came the neighbors bursting in
With shouts of boisterous glee,
Stamping their feet to aid the din
And set the loose snow free.
Loud the old manor echoed then,
With peals of laughter shrill,
For those were times when hearts of
men
Were filled with real good will.

The feast was spread, and at the
board
They tasted high delight;
The best the cellars might afford
Were furnished forth that night.
And young and old join'd in the plays,
While swift the evening crept,
For they knew well, in oiden days,
How Christmas should be kept.

"Twas then that "Merrie England" was
And "Bonnie Scotland," too,
Might we but keep those Yuletide laws.
The way they used to do.
So, be ye all of goodly cheer,
And full of festive mirth,
And keep that day, to nations dear
That Christ was born to earth.

CHRISTMAS CHEER

Christmas, 1906.
To a young Catholic lady.

Miss Laura, let me once again
Bring forth my minstrel strain,
For beauty's charms by poets gaze
Were ne'er beheld in vain.
And while thy charms have waked my
Muse
And made my heart beat true,
'Tis Christmas mirth and melody
That now I sing to you.

And while the merry Christmas bells
From chapels high and low,

THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

Tell Christ was born in Bethlehem
In old time long ago.
I join with many other friends
At this blythe time of year,
In wishing you and all of yours
The best of Christmas cheer.

Goodwill and peace were borne to
Earth
To fill the minds of all,
When Christ was born in Bethlehem,
And cradled in a stall,
And all that peace and helpfulness
That Christian motives sway
Shall rest and be with us throughout
This gladsome Christmas day.

The peace which was 'twixt man and
God
Should rest 'twixt man and man,
For strife of creed or bigotry
Could ne'er be Heaven's plan,
And as our Christian bells ring out
And blend in one their tone,
So let the best of Christian creeds
Commingle with our own.

This was the song of Bethlehem
Of old, that angels sang;
This is the true religious theme
That down the ages rang;
This is the hope that fills our hearts
Shall be thro' time and space,
Our kindness to our fellow men
Shall be our saving grace.

So hope springs high with ⁱⁿ our
hearts
When festal joys surround,
When God's good mercy rests with us
And loving friends we've found.
When all that we have loved and lost,
Our sorrows and our tears
Are left behind, and Hope alone
Goes with us thro' the years.

And on this merry Christmastide
As on the ones to be,
My thoughts shall always be with those
True friends I long to see.
And Christmas-tide and every tide
As long as life endures
The friendship of an humble bard,
Miss Laura, shall be yours.

THE FIRE LADDIE'S CALL

In the wee hours of night when all
things are in bed,
And silence is brooding o'er living and
dead,

Ting-a-ling-ling! from the gong on the
wall,
To boots and away! 'Tis the fire lad-
die's call.

Up from their beds spring the brave
boys in haste,
To boots and to breeches, there's no
time to waste,
Ere the gong ceases it's ear-splitting
call,
Lauder and Hammond are down in
the hall.

Down the pole, Dyer, and Ted Murray
too,
Quick now, McNaughton, we're all
after you,
Look out there for Payne with his feet
in the air.
God's sake, now, Hogan! Why don't
you take care?

Out come the horses with rush and
with race,
Owen, be quick there, get Dan in his
place,
Snap up your lines there. Confound
you, now! Whoa!
Open the doors there—All right, let
them go.

Swing on there, Anderson—Damn you,
be quick.
Off and away where the darkness is
thick.
There goes the Chemical, quick, round
the curve—
There goes the hose wagon—Say! that
is nerve.

On thro' the streets now deserted and
still—
On at a gallop—for gallop they will,
While back in the tower with the
strength of his arm
Old Turgeon is ringing the midnight
alarm.

On, madly on, thro' the blackness so
vast,
And the gongs bring out people, who
gaze when we're past,
While the wind strikes our faces and
makes us near blind,
And the dogs only bark when we've
left them behind.

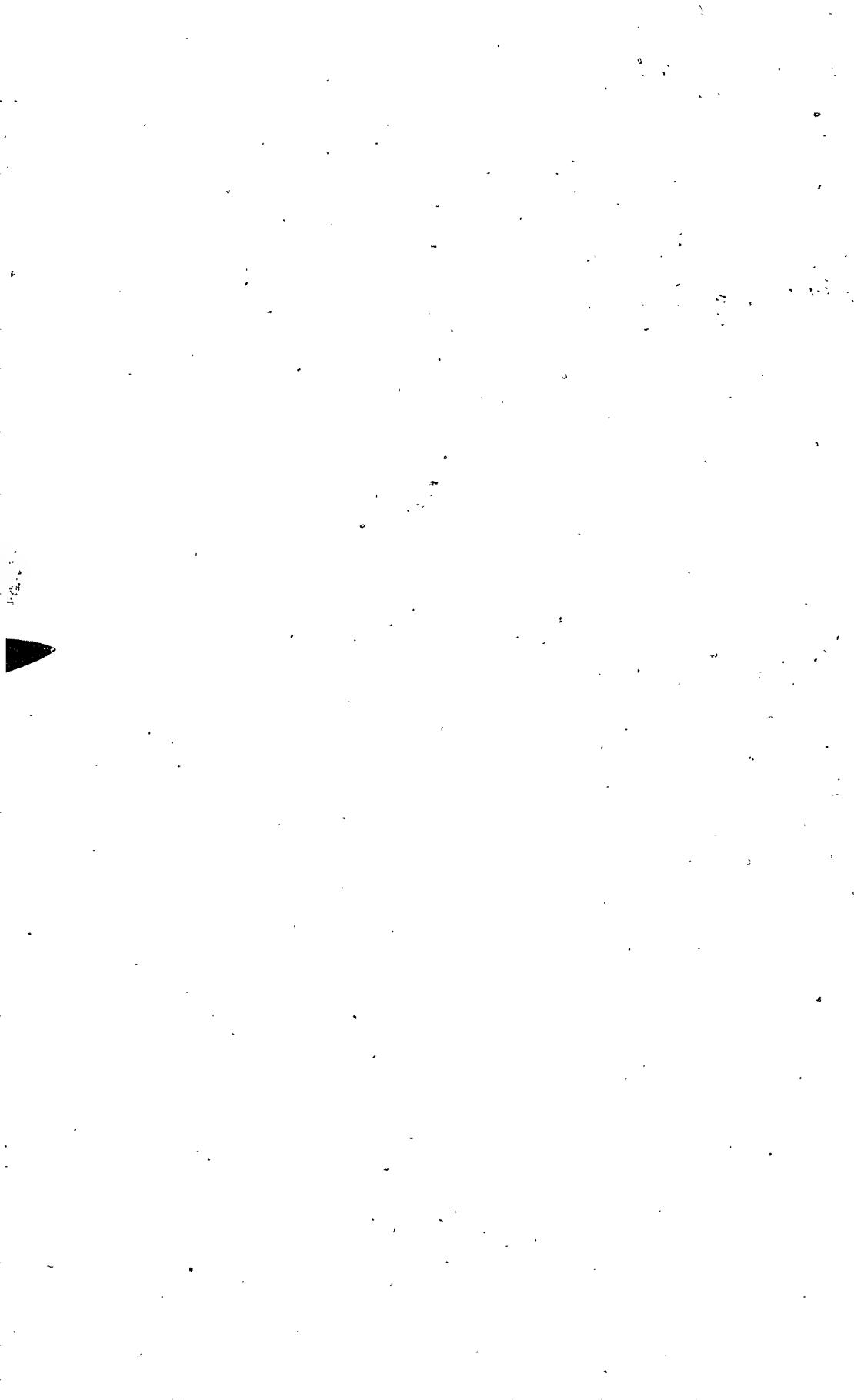
Say! but it's cold with the wind in
the face.

*We stood as an outpost of the world,
On the margin of civilization.*

(Page 15)



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THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

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Say! but those horses can keep up
their pace.
Say! but it's grand with the nerves
all atrill
To break thro' the blackness all heavy
and still.

On there and on, while the firemen
hold fast,
On over holes that are yawning and
vast,
On over ruts, where the steam roller
rolled,
But—Oh! Gracious, Heavens! I near
lost my hold.

Out thro' the suburbs we leap and we
bound,
Over the broken and uneven ground,
Yes, these are streets; they's supposed
to be so,
But the brush isn't cut where the
houses will go.

Bang, bang and bang, that's a stone
'neath the wheel.
See the sparks fly where the stone
struck the steel.
Yes, and our bones felt the jar when
it came.
But, never mind, boys, we'll be there
all the same.

Hammond leans forward with whip on
the go,
And it's slash, slash and slash, on the
blacks down below;
And the long oats rain down from the
hose wagon too,
When McNaughton's whip falls, as we
know it can do.

So on thro' the blackness, while
all tongues repeat:
"Corner of Jasper and Thirteenth
Street."
Ah! there's the blaze as it leaps to the
sky,
Lighting the trees and the heavens on
high.

"Off with you, boys," and the Chief's
off the first—
Yes, we are ready to cope with the
worst,
Off with you, Dyer, and off with the
hose,
Quick! give a hand, boys, and over it
goes.

"Ready, all ready—jump up—and go
on."
McNaughton's whip falls, and the hose
wagon's gone,
On—leaving Dyer, the hydrant to mind
While the long hose leaps out like a
serpent behind.

"Whoa! that's enough—now uncouple,
be quick.
Bob, fetch a nozzle—that's on pretty
slick,
Signal the hydrant man"—Dyer obeys
And the water leaps up for to combat
the blaze.

There's a roar as the water has met
with the flame,
But the hose-men are standing their
ground all the same,
And the fire must die down ere the
night shall be thro',
For it can't get away from the boys in
the blue.

So long about morning there's no need
to stay.
We gather our hose and we're up and
away,
Smoke begrimed, drenched, we are off
for the hall,
Ready, aye, ready, to come when they
call.

So here's to our chief whom may Hea-
ven long spare,
And here's to you, Lauder, our devil-
may-care,
And here's to you, boys, for we drink
to you all,
Who will always respond to the fire
laddie's call.

Fire Department, Edmonton, Aug.
20th, 1906.

TO O. HOGAN ON THE EVE OF HIS MARRIAGE

When you are stepping proudly forth
To meet the world with firmer gaze,
And tread amid life's devious ways
In our fair city of the North.
Old comrade mine, you know my voice
Can give you naught but words of
cheer,
And pray God guide you year by
year,
With this fair partner of your choice.

THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

Full many a care have we to meet,
But often when the tempests low'r,
There comes within the darkest
hour
Some guiding ray before our feet,
And we have thoughts so much our
own,
We keep them treasured in our
heart,
And from the world so much apart,
It is not meet we dwell alone.

Yet when the kindred heart we find
That throbs in sympathy with ours,
And we can feel the guiding powers
And stronger impulse of the mind.
When true refinement holds to each,
And like to like as magnet clings,
We cannot view as common things,
What love alone has got to teach.

No wiser head or 'neath a crown,
Could dream of transport or of
bliss,
More constant and more true than
this,
Which Heaven sends to mortals down.
And not with state and not with gold,
Can this supremest joy be bought
But only just as thought with
thought,
Your own communion thus you hold.

'Tis now that manhood rises most
When youthful blood is surging
high.
When you have still the world to
try,
And strength is not an idle boast.
And you can feel it none the less
Because you feel at peace with men,
And life is very joyous when,
The one you love has answered "Yes."

So, comrade mine, the years will go
But as you journey hand in hand
Along toward the better land,
A rhymers wish thro' weal and woe
Will be that naught your hearts will
claim,
But what is good and for the best,
And what is more than all the rest,
Your love will always be the same.

Sept. 3rd, 1908.

THE FIRE FIGHTERS.

The big gong rings in the hall below,
Up and away, up and away.
An alertness sounds in its every blow,
And it's Ho, my lads for the fray.

Ho! for the fray with the fire and
smoke,
Where the firemen gurgle and gasp
and choke,
Till the steady force of the flame be
broke,
And we've got our streams in play.

The horses stamp, and champ, and
neigh,
The doors are open, the men are
down,
Each driver springs to his place—
Away!
And we're off and away thro' the
town.
Off and away in the crisp night air,
With the blackness around us every-
where,
Broken alone by the arc lights' glare,
Glimmering dim and brown.

The lanterns gleam on each grim, set
face—
"Faster, faster let them go"—
And on we dash in our mad, mad race.
"There is the blaze—Hello!"
Swift the chemical turns the curves;
Say, but it's grand for the brain and
nerves,
Off to the side the hose wagon swerves
And the hydrant man jumps below.

A twist of the hose 'round the hydrant
tight,
Up and away, up and away,
And on we gallop into the night,
And it's Ho! my lads, for the fray;
Ho! for the fray with the fire and
smoke,
Where comrades gurgle and gasp and
choke
As the burning walls they souse and
soak,
And hold the flames at bay.

The fierce little elves in the red fire
light—
Give it them there, give it them
there,
They crackle and spit with an elfish
spite,
And leap up into the air.
The thick black volume of smoke rolls
in,
Where we haul our nozzles thro' thick
and thin,
Smoke-begrimed and wet to the skin,
But ready to do and dare.

THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

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There to the right the fire gleams red,
"Swish her hard, swish her hard,"
The water leaps to the beams o'er-head,

And out below to the yard.
"More hose, Jads," and we drag it
thru',
Where the smoke and steam is so
dense and blue,
You cannot see more than a foot or
two,

And the passage ahead is barred,
The rafters are groaning and creaking
above—
"Swish them there, swish them
there"—

This is the life the firemen love.
"Steady, my lads, beware.
With a rattle of glass from window
panes,
Like a red-hot demon that struggles
and strains,
The blaze now loses and now it gains,
And again leaps out to the air.

Hauling the branch from place to
place.
In and around, in and around,
The red-hot devil of flame we chase
And see! He loses ground.
Steadily, steadily on we press,
And the fierce hot breath of the flame
grows less
Till at last our efforts are crowned
with success,
And back to the hall we're bound.

Here's to you, comrades, where'er you
be,
You and you, and you and you;
And here's to the boys of Number 3,
Who well their duty will do.
And fill up, lads, to our gallant chief,
May his life be long and his troubles
brief,
And 'twill do no harm, it is my belief,
If you drink to our Captain, too.

Fire Department, Edmonton, November
27th, 1907.

DER LAST OF DER LIMBURGHER CHEESE

If you geeps very quiet und don't
make no noise,
I will sing you von song vot der
Deutscher enjoys.
Idt vos so awful sad, idt vill make you
feel plue,

Budt I gant help for dot ven I'm sing-
in' to you,
For so vos der Limburgher cheese,
Ach, Ja!
So vos der Limburgher cheese.

Now all you goot peoples, don't shtand
in mine way,
For I speaks idt so plain you vill
know vot I say.
I don't got egcitements, altho' I feel
bad,
So I sing you der best dot you efer haf
had,
Und dot vos der Limburgher cheese,
Ach, Ja!
Dot vos der Limburgher cheese..

Excuse me, mine friendts, if I vipes off
my nose,
For der tears dey vill coom, ven I tink
how idt goes;
Dot vos very sad song I vos sing you
about,
Und idt goes like bologna, und lager,
und kraut,
Der last of der Limburgher cheese,
Ach, Ja!
Der last of der Limburgher cheese

Ve geeps a nice peesness, mineself
und mine vrow,
Und ve leef very quiet, und don't make
no row,
Und all of der goots vot I sells in mine
schtore,
Der vos notings der peoples enquire so
mooch for
Der same as der Limburgher cheese,
Ach, Ja!
Der same as der Limburgher cheese

Oh, Ja! I vos shtartin' for tole you
aboudt,
How I don't feel der same ven I'm
newly come ould,
All der vay from der Vaderland ofer
der sea,
Und all I vas vantin' to fetch idt mit
me
Vos a peeg piece of Limburgher
cheese, Ach, Ja!
A peeg piece of Limburgher cheese

Ach, mine Gott in Himmel, idt makes
me feel bad,
To t'ink of der goot times dot ever I
had.
Und den, mine oldt mudder, so kind
she vos say:

THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

"Mine Hans, I vill geef you to take idt
avay,
A piece of dot Limburgher cheese.
Ach, Ja!
A piece of dot Limburgher cheese"

Und ven I am leavin' from oldt Ger-
manee,
Mine friendts, dey vos come und vos
said unto me;
"You vos leavin' your vrow und your
kinderen five,
Und dis is der last time ve see you
alive,
Und also der Limburgher cheese,
Ach, Ja!
Also der Limburgher cheese.

I gets on der ship for America boun'
Und der ship she go oop, und der ship
she go down,
Und mine schtomach go also der same
vay like dot,
Und I loss mine insides, und I do not
know vot,
Budt also some Limburgher cheese,
Ach, Ja!
Also some Limburgher cheese.

Oxcuse me, mine friendts, if I vipes off
my nose,
Und I try to remeber der vay dot idt
goes.
Dot vos very said song, und der cap-
tain tole me,
Dot der feeshes vos dead all ofer der
sea
From eatin' some Limburgher cheese
Ach, Ja!
From eatin' some Limburgher cheese

Der vind idt vos blow und der gale idt
vos rise,
Und I feel idt so seek like Hans Glie-
bieger dies,
Und der captain he say: "Don't you
feel so upset,
You try und cheer oop, der vos life in
you yet,
Und also dot Limburgher cheese,
Ach, Ja!
Also dot Limburgher cheese.

Vell, ven I vos feelin' like leevin' some
more,
Der ship idt vos sstrike on America's
shore,
Und I vant to get off, for I don't feel
so seek,

Budt dey put us in quarantine more
dan a week,
Und also dot Limburgher cheese,
Ach, Ja!
Also dot Limburgher cheese,

Und ven ve are leavin' dot place Hali-
fax
Ve gets on der train mit our pundles
und packs,
Our trunks und valeeses, und Gootness
knows vot,
All of der t'ings vot ve efer haf got,
Und also der Limburgher cheese,
Ach, Ja!
Also der Limburgher cheese.

Und ve gets in der place dey call "col-
onist car,"
Mit all of der peoples vos goin' so
far—
Galicians und Doukhobors, Russians
und Finns,
Svensk und Pollok, und all kinds of
skins,
Und also dot Limburgher cheese,
Ach, Ja!
Also dot Limburgher cheese.

So ve travel und travel for day after
day,
Und ve pass lots of places der name I
gan't say,
Und I nefer see peoples mit hunger so
mooch,
A hunder times worse dan der worst
of der Deutsche,
Und dey're vantin' mine Limburgher
cheese, Ach, Ja!
Dey're vantin' mine Limburgher
cheese.

Dose Galicians und Doukhobors, Russ-
ians und Finns
Pollok und Svensk und all' kind of
skins,
Pefore I get outd to vhere Edmonton
pes,
Dey eat all der last of der Limburgher
cheese,
Und dey're vantin' more Limbur-
gher cheese, Ach Ja!
Dey're vantin' more Limburgher
cheese.

Dot vos very sad song I vos sing you
aboudt,
For idt goes like bologna und lager,
und kraut.

THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

33

Und dot iss der reason I'm feelin' so blue,
For if I hadt a piece I vould geef idt to you.
A piece of dot Limburgher cheese,
Ach, Ja!
A piece of dot Limburgher cheese.

CHANGES OF TIME

(To Carnduffers)

Hearts go back as the years draw on,
Fondly turning to days long by
Calling up scenes that are past and gone,
And oft producing a glistening eye,
And while my heart upon mem'ry's track
Sometimes still will its course retrace,
Oft I wonder in looking back,
If Carnduff still is the same old place.

They tell us fortune has deigned a smile,
And shy Prosperity come your way,
We trust that Her Fickleness bide a while,
And Prosperity hasten without delay,
May they bring you abundance of golden grain,
Which with you is ever the one desire,
May you reap the harvest of leagues of plain,
And be minus the hail and the prairie fire.

Time has wrought us full much of change,
We, who went from you years ago,
Much we have seen that was new and strange,
And other friends we have come to know,
But oldtime friends we can ne'er forget,
Old-time pleasures are pleasures still,
And our minds retain the impression yet
That Time has endeavored in vain to kill.

Life, perhaps, has altered its cast,
Yet give us an hour from its dull routine,

And half in the present and half in the past,
While memory acts as a go-between,
With a friend, perhaps, who has known our ways,
And those we have known in years before,
We would dwell again upon other days
And wake the dead to the life once more.

For those there be, that among our friends,
Have gone the road that we all must go;
And there is a point where our journey ends,
Whether that end comes soon or slow.
And we that linger along the way,
With what of pleasure this life can give
As each year passing prolongs our stay,
Feel how uncertain the lives we live.

And others there be that the winds of chance
Have scattered far, even like as we,
So that in giving a friendly glance,
Things seem not quite what they used to be.
It may be that few we have known remain,
That in stead there is many a stranger face,
Yet in the picture our minds retain,
Carnduff still is the same old place.

"THE FIGHT OF FAITH"

(1 Timothy vi and xii)

Written after the death of the Rev. John Cairns, 1897.

Another soul of vastness and of worth
Has stem'd death's inky tide;
Another soul has left the realms of earth,
And crossed the great divide;
Another soul in Christ has gone to sleep,
Released from earthly moil;
An under-shepherd of the Master's sheep
Has left the fields of toil.

Surely the Fight of Faith has well been fought,
The vast reward attained,

THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

Eternal Life, the prize for which he sought,
Has now, at last, been gained;
And with the blest that throng the courts of Heaven,
Knowing not laws severe;
Secrets which learning never could have given
Are now, at last, made clear.

What are the trials which the past has known.
The pangs he once endured?
Now are the glories of the Mighty shown.
Now are all ailments cured.
He, in a dearer happier, home than this,
Has passed his second birth;
Another nobleman has entered bliss.
A gem is lost to earth.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY GRANDMOTHER

Died in Toronto, Feb. 17th, 1899. Buried at Mount Forest, Ont. Mrs. Jennet Anderson, born Edinburgh.

Why should I touch a woeful chord and sing,
Mourning a loss which all of us sustain;
She has but gone to meet her Lord and King,
Claiming the joys this change alone can bring,
And what is loss to us, to her is gain.

Yet, would we grieve as nature still gives way,
Mourning a mother from our presence passed.
Youth may be taken, old age must—not may
And feebler grown with each succeeding day,
She has but gained the blest release at last.

Joys of the earth, how little that can mean.
What is the pleasure each of us may know,
Here where our joys have sorrows intervene;
And to a soul that sorrow oft has seen,
How great the bliss that Heaven alone can show.

Long was the path which she in life has trod,
Long had she known she neared the final goal.
Yet not a soul like hers could Death have awed,
Whose latest breath was spent in praising God,
Ere from its earthly frame sped forth the soul.

What are the pangs the body knew of late?
Where are those hours by anguish made so long?
All are as naught since at the glittering gate,
He, who had called her to His vast estate,
Welcomed another to the countless throng.

Thus do we mourn the loss of one we love,
Tho' not by wish would we her soul recall,
And in the future pray that it may prove,
In the fair courts of Heavenly realms above,
'Round her be met her children one and all.

FRIENDSHIP

When we have reached Life's tether end
And part the ties that bind us,
Should we have left but one true friend
To mourn our loss behind us,
Then we shall not have lived in vain,
If in our onward pressing
Amidst Life's cares, amidst its pain,
We've saved one earthly blessing.

For greatest of all heavenly gifts
Unto poor mortals given,
Is love ennobling, love that lifts,
And brings us nearer Heaven;
That helps us find in every part
Where Hope's advance has bound us
Some true, congenial, kindly heart
Amid the hosts around us.

THE OLD TIMER AND OTHER POEMS

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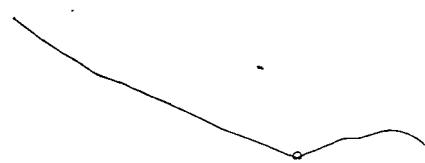
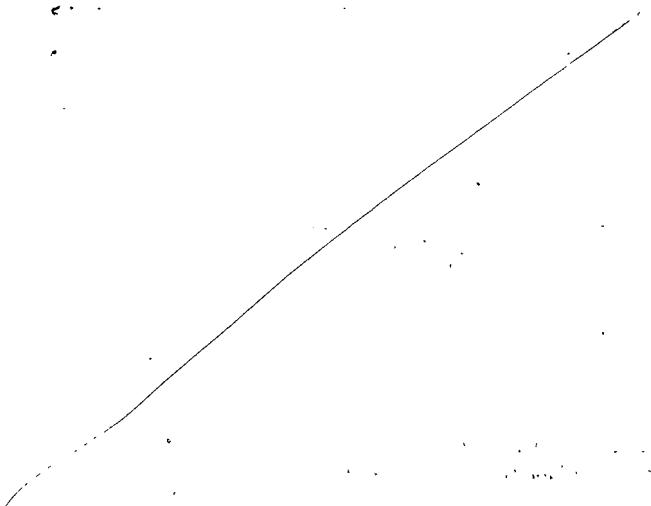
So he who has had many friends,
Yet feels Death's chill come o'er
him,
May look across where this life ends
To that which lies before him;
And tho' the pang be great to go
And break these bands asunder,
It lessens still the grief to know
That friends await him yonder.

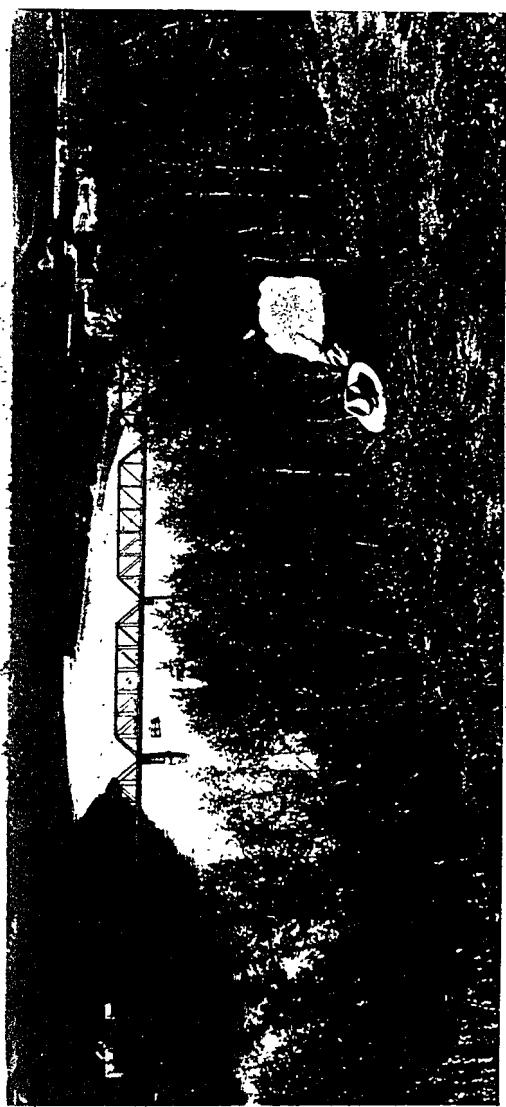
God grant, when we are at the last
And this life's ties be broken,
When all our hope of Earth is past
And our last song be spoken;
When Heaven looms up before us clear
And golden dawn is o'er us:
That we leave friends behind us here
And we'll have friends before us.



*Beneath it the broad Saskatchewan flows,
As swift and unchanged as ever.*

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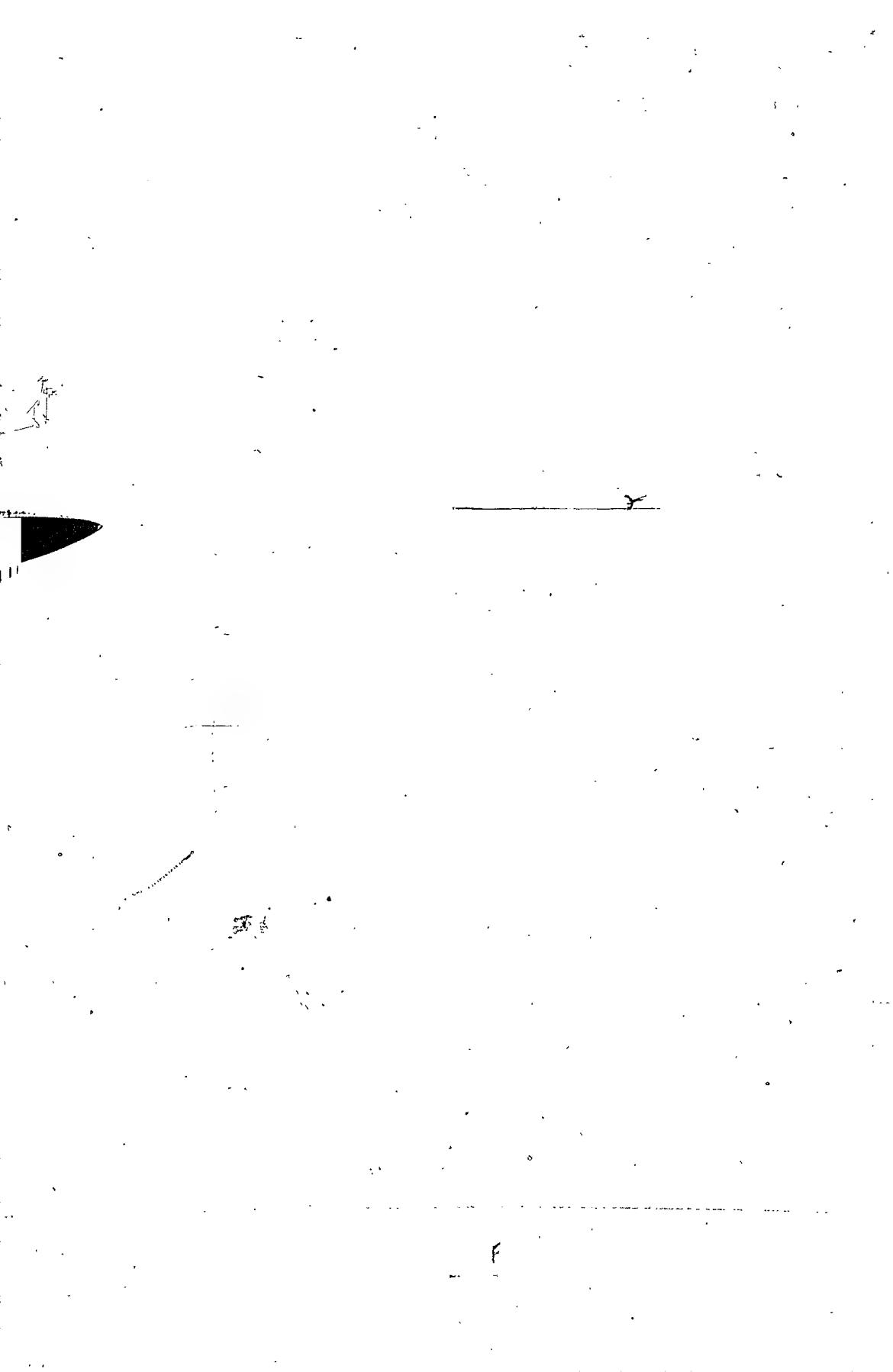






A

SONGS OF THE KOOTENAY HILLS



Songs of the Kootenay Hills

LOOKING AHEAD

No mournful Coronach this, nor dirge
For the cycle that is but gone,
With its hopes and fears, and its
smiles and tears,
And lives that have hastened on.
There are prospects still looming up
ahead,
And deeds are yet to be done,
And tho' Nineteen Hundred is past in-
stead
There's a Nineteen Hundred and
One.

Tho' History pause in the book she
makes
And endeth a chapter more,
There are pages still, she has yet to
fill,
As ever in years before;
And wherefore look back on the path
we've trod,
Or pause in the race we run.
If still we've a trust or a faith in God
And this Nineteen Hundred and
One.

You may speak as you like of times
long by,
And talk of the world's decay,
But we put no trust in the things of
dust,
That are all of a former day.
We think it better, we find it best,
To trust to the year begun,
And let Nineteen Hundred go with the
rest,
When we've Nineteen Hundred and
One.

Time jogs on in his endless course
And brings us much that is new,
And our minds keep pace with Time
in the race
Of life that we hasten thro'

So we pin our faith to the times to
be,
And may prosperity's sun
Shine brightly forth over land and
sea
In this Nineteen Hundred and One.

May better fellowship man to man
Promote the coming of peace,
And from coast to coast of the land
we love most,
May her greatness and strength in-
crease;
And our Empire at large, may it ever
stay
In its place as second to none;
That men looking backward may note
no decay
Since Nineteen Hundred and One.

YELLOW LEGS

We may not look up to the Kings of
the earth,
With a trust in their high-handed
ways,
We may claim that the poor man, of
far humbler birth
Is much more deserving of praise;
We may talk of the "money-bagged
snobs" with a groan,
Who oppress us right down to the
ground,
But we're all mighty glad if the truth
be but known,
To have yellow legs hustling around.

The poor man may dwell in the midst
of content,
When potatoes and salt are his fare;
He may say he is happy and don't
care a cent
For riches that only bring care.

SONGS OF THE KOOTENAY HILLS

He may bluster about the tyrannical ways
Of the dignified, dandified snob;
But he'll rustle like blazes for several long days.
To get him a yellow-legged job.

There is nothing disgraceful in men being poor—
But, indeed, there's small comfort in that—
For where is the man who could help it, for sure
Who would dwell upon Poverty Flat?
And somehow or other—the world looks askance
At the man with the toil-hardened hands,
And he doesn't come in for the welcoming glance
That yellow leg always commands.
But that's not the fault of the yellow legs, boys,
And one thing you always must mind,
It takes lots of money to make lots of noise
And keep us from going behind.
So kindly conclude ere you make any fuss,
To consider before you condemn:
If the yellow legs can't get along without us,
We can't get along without them.
So, yellow legs, yellow legs, yellow legs come,
This country has sinew and brain,
But what we are lacking for making things hum,
Is just what your wallets contain.
This country has mines in the making all right,
This country has prospects galore;
But the big wad of greenbacks so seldom in sight,
Is what we are wanting you for.

A TOAST TO THE MINERS

(Written for and given at the Miners' Concert in Slocan, Sept. 11th.)

Men of the pick and shovel,
And that handle the sledge and drill,
That search in Nature's storehouse
Under each shadowy hill;
That bring up the treasures hidden
To the first sweet ray of light—
Brothers, I toast unbidden,
But here is your healths to-night.

Here's to our mountain heroes,
That toil by the candle's gleam,
Where never the inky darkness
Is softened by straggling beam;
Away from the light of Nature when
They are forcing the musty secrets
To yield to the might of men.

Down in each rocky fastness,
In under the mountain's girth
Where the clouds come 'round like a mantle,
To cover the grim old earth—
In by the walls of granite
That stand out stern and gray,
The men go down to their labors
And the ore comes up to the day.

So here's to our mountain workers,
That loosen old Nature's hold,
On what she would fain have hidden,
The treasure of wealth untold;
For the tale of the gold and silver
Is reckoned and proved again,
When they fetch it down to our valleys
To be cast for the use of men.

And yet again to the miners,
Those men with a dogged will,
For the men that shoulder the turkey
Are the men that handle the drill;
They traverse the trackless forest
And they clamber the barren slope,
Where scarcely a goat would venture
They tackle it all in hope.

So here's to the mountain climbers,
The men that can persevere,
With a patience born of trial
And a heart not brooking fear;
When they search in clefts unnoticed,
By aught save the eagle's ken,
For signs of the precious metals
Required for the use of men.

They go aback in the mountains,
Where the misty peaks recede,
To search about in the snowline
And follow the richest lead;
And they broil in the heat of Summer
And freeze in the Winter cold,
And put their stakes on the prospects
And live in the quest for gold.

So once again to the miners,
Those men with a stubborn pluck
Who risk their all in a venture
And trust their fortunes to luck;

SONGS OF THE KOOTENAY HILLS

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For the men who have made our province,
And the men who will keep it still,
Are the men who shoulder the turkey
And the men that handle the drill.

THE THREE CANDIDATES

There came three men into the field,
And all from Kaslo came,
And never one an inch would yield,
If he could keep the same.
For every one determined stood
For what he ran to gain,
And the names of these three men so good
Were Green and Keen and Kane.

Now, all the promises they made
Of what they meant to do,
And all the ardor they displayed
Was sure to help them through;
For each had promised many things,
If he could once attain
The great position coveted
By Green, and Keen and Kane.

It might be promises profuse,
Or schemes without a flaw,
Or some amendments to produce
About the eight hour law;
Or sundry grants for wagon roads
We long desired in vain;
For these are things that none can get
But Green or Keen or Kane.

So these three men are out to run
For Slocan Riding here,
And if these things will all be done
Will doubtless soon appear.
But which one we should now support
We cannot just explain,
For Green is green, and also Keen
And doubtless so is Kane.

HOGAN'S ALLEY BANQUET

Av all grate institutions that have ever struck the valley,
Av all the plisint advints that are ever welcomed here,
Shure, the wan that is the gratest is the faste av Hogan's Alley,
The splendid sumptuous banquet that to custom must adhere.
The grate and glorious banquet
The loud, uproarious banquet

The banquet av the miners that is held here ivry year.

'Tis thin that all the miners from the hills around assimble,
The grim an' gray ould vet'rans av the tolmes av long ago,
An' the ould toimes are talked over an' the walls they shake an' trimble
Wid the shouts av giant laughter an' the shtamp of hale and toe;
An' full miny a jist is vintured,
An' but very seldom cinsured,
At our grate historic banquet, that is held here ivry year.

There are tables overloaded, bendin' down, an' groanin' undher,
All the good things av the sayson that could ever be procured;
An' to ivry anxious shtranger 'tis a miracle av wondher,
How the table legs could shtand it an' the mass should not be flired,
But the danger is abated
Whin they all are satiated,
At the Hogan's Alley banquet that is held here ivry year.

Full av dignity an' honor at the dhore shtands Dunc McVannel,
Wid his natural pomposity extinded extra size,
An' as sole an' careful guardian av the only open channel,
He fales himsifl the object av admiring sets av eyes;
An' while Dunc the dhore is guardin'
We would ax to beg his pardon,
If we lave him for the banquet that is held here ivry year.

There are miny brilliant spaches, such as honor the occasion,
Shure, 'twould take us miny pages to chronicle a few;
But Dan Hanlin, on the qui vive, takes the matin' by invasion,
An' a trate may well be promised by the ardent "Bushy," too;
Jack McKinnon he's before us
Wid his long unendin' shstories,
At the banquet av the miners that is held here ivry year.

So the grate evint is coming—soon it comes an' soon is goin',
An' ivry wan that passes is a grater than before;

SONGS OF THE KOOTENAY HILLS

An', bedad! as little justice, Oi could
ever be beshtowin',
Now perhaps it would be betther to
dhry up an' say no more;
Only jist you all remimber
On the 25th Decimber,
The grate an' glorious banquet that
is hild here ivry year:

LOWERY'S CLAIM

Free thinkers all, agnostics too
And all who freedom teach,
That kind of freedom which we view
In Lowery's mode of speech;
All ye who wish to lend a shove
To ill-repute and fame,
It's mighty rocky up above
Along by Lowery's Claim.

Ye seekers after other ways
In parts we do not know,
Go on and leave behind your blaze
Where other feet may go.
Go tread those dreary hills of Doubt,
And have no grander aim
Than just to stake some rock about
The size of Lowery's Claim.

'Tis hard to climb each rugged slope
In life that rises high,
When man has nothing left to hope
Except at last to die.
But go the way you choose to take
And to yourselves the blame,
If Heaven's too big for you to stake
Along with Lowery's Claim.

DAYBREAK OVER KOOTENAY

The sun glints o'er the mountains
And shines on the Western slope—
He brings us a day's more longing,
Or brings us a day's more hope;
And he lightens the dark green timber.
Adown on the mountain's breast,
Here in the heart of the Koot'nay,
The pride of our Silver West.

There's a ripple across the water,
Where the breeze slips by in the
morn,
That lifts up the misty cov'ring
From the day that is newly born;
And the blue waves leap to the land-
ward,
With a tossing of foam-flecked crest,
To break on the rocks encircling
The lakes of our mountain West.

And over the tops of the cedars,
Where the long-snaked river is
drawn,
The smoke from the settler's clearing
Comes up in the morning's dawn;
And, along the brow of the mountain
The white clouds lie at rest—
A stillness rests upon Nature
In the heart of our Silver West.

Where the lone pine leans far over
The verge of the gulch below,
And the mountain stream comes dash-
ing
From hills of eternal snow;
O, rugged and rough is Nature,
But still of a charm possessed
To those who have wooed and lov'd
her
In our glorious mountain West.

And our hills that are tow'ring in
grandeur
To the Nature-lover's eye,
To the mind of the hopeful miner
Are big with a world's supply.
There is treasure of precious metal
Which yet must yield to his quest,
In the heart of our own blue moun-
tains
That guerdon our Silver West.

O, ye may go far to the eastward,
Or ye may go down to the South,
Where the wheatfields nod to the
breezes,
And the cornfields bend in the
drouth.
Ye may talk of the land that bore ye
As the land that ye love the best,
But still we will stay by the Slocan
In the heart of our own loved West.

Go back to your wind-swept prairies,
Go back to your farther East,
Or the sultry breath of the Southland.
But we envy you not in the least.
We have hoped, we have long'd and
waited,
But our land has stood the test,
And our hearts abide by the mountains
The pride of our Silver West.

There have been dark days on Koot'-
nay,
But at last they are almost gone;
For the darkest days, they are saying,
Come right before the dawn.
The sun glints o'er the mountain,
And down on the mountain's breast,
And he yet will be bright on Koot'nay
In the heart of our mountain West.

AFTER IT ALL IS OVER

Now that the whole thing's over
 Now that the contest's o'er,
 Now that some are rejoicing,
 Now that some folks feel sore;
 Give us a rest for a little,
 After the mental strain;
 And let 'er go—Galligher, with Foley,
 Give us a rest with McKane.

Let the old party cries, sounding,
 Die in the echoes away;
 Let us get over this pounding
 Of each other's heads in the fray;
 Get rid of the gas that has gathered,
 That serves to bemuddle the brain,
 And let 'er go—Galligher with Foley,
 Give us a rest with McKane.

Now that the ballots are counted,
 Now that the man is in,
 Now that the race is finished—
 And only the one could win—
 Let us have peace from the clamor,
 Once more, be settled and sane;
 Let 'er go—Galligher with Foley,
 Give us a rest with McKane.

Sing us no more of elections,
 Trouble our heads no more,
 Now that some are rejoicing,
 Now that some folks feel sore,
 Give us a change of subject,
 Harp on some new refrain;
 Let 'er go—Galligher with Foley,
 Give us a rest with McKane.

THE KNOCKER.

If there's one thing in this country
 wot the hav'rige man detests,
 Wot is hinjurin the country quite a
 lot;
 Hit's that pure an' simple noosance
 wot's a product of the West's:
 Hit's the 'nocker; hit's the 'nocker—
 that is wot.
 'Ee's a breaker up of minin' deals,
 which wins for 'im the nime.
 For 'ee knocks full many a scheme
 upon the 'ead;
 'Ee's a universal kicker an' 'ee's h'at
 hit all the time,
 An' hits wonderful 'ow small opin-
 ions spread.

O, don't you go for sayin' that the
 times 'ave gone behind—
 If you do, you are a 'nocker, that is
 true.

We get enough opinions for the most
 congenial mind,
 An' we almost fail to grasp 'em, so we
 do.
 If you've anything to tell us, let us
 'ave hit with a smile,
 Let hit be that we're progressin'—
 as we are;
 We will all laugh with you gladly, if
 we see hit's worth our while,
 An' the 'nocker 'asn't given us a jar.

We made it 'ot for Scabby in the days
 that now are gone,
 An' John Chinaman 'as suffered at
 our 'and;
 Now we do not feel their absence is
 a thing to grieve upon,
 But another curse is present in the
 land.
 If Faith could move the mountings has
 the Boible says hit will,
 An' the 'nocker's faith could equal
 'is desire,
 Some mornin' light might find us with-
 out a bloomin' ill,
 Lamentin' a catastrophe so dire.

But don't you go for thinkin' that the
 camp is gettin' dead,
 If you do you are a knocker, doncher
 know;
 An' remember, poor-mouthed logic,
 never boosts a place a'ead
 Like a cheerful bit of boomin' makes
 it go.
 If you cannot see like others that the
 sun is shinin' bright,
 Do not take hit in your 'ead we all
 are wrong;
 But by hopin' for the better, you may
 later see the light
 That the others 'ave been seein'
 right along.

We ain't no bloomin' annerchists a-
 howlin' out for gore,
 An' we mostly finds the world is
 pretty square;
 But w'en we sees a grumbler wot is
 allus feelin' sore,
 We could almost victimize 'im then
 an' there.
 The man wot 'as a grievance, an' the
 man wot thinks 'ee 'as,
 An' wot lays it to the country all
 the time,
 That man becomes a noosance an' no
 matter wot 'ee says,
 'Ee's a 'nocker; 'ees a 'nocker, all the
 saime.

SONGS OF THE KOOTENAY HILLS

So don't you go for tellin' - 'ow Slocan
is on the wane,
If you do, you are a 'nocker, as we
say,
An' our outlook for the present is
enough to quite explain
All those petty little statements
clean away.
Slocan is creepin' upward hon the lader
rung by rung,
An' there isn't any prospect of a
fall;
But if anything is wantin' that we
ain't already sung,
Hit's the absence of the 'nocker—
that is all.

SONG OF THE ABSENT

By the cold, blue lakes of Koot'nay,
with the frowning crags o'erhung,
Where the granite cliffs are steep
along the shore;
Where the stunted pines, that firmly
to the rocky ledge have clung,
With the years are bending downward
more and more;
Where the waves are gently lapping
at the foot of mountains grim,
And the current, ever running,
sweeps along;
Where the mountain streams come
dashing from the peaks so far
and dim,
And in eager haste seem bursting
into song:

O, it's back again in Koot'nay where
my heart it fain would be,
There where countless peaks on
peaks arise;
Great, grim giants ever, in a far-
stretched cloudy sea,
Thrusting up their heads toward the
skies.
And where'er I wander in the world
so far away,
Where above is clear the heaven's
dome,
Still I see the mountains shrouded in
the mist so gray,
In my British Columbian home.

And along the valley, where the mist
is floating low,
When the mountain sides are dark
with rain—
Thro' the misty curtains, distant hills
are capped with snow—
Here the lingering Autumn would re-
main.

Golden streaks are showing on the
hills that late were green,
Where the birch and tamarac strip
beside the pine;
And one feels the good of living in
the air so crisp and keen,
When old Winter creeps adown the
steep incline.

Back again to Koot'nay, there my
heart is turning now,
Now I breathe again the mountain
air,
Now I drink in Nature as my heart
remembers how
And anon to me the world is fair.
Let them sing of other lands that are
to others blest,
But altho' in distant parts I roam,
Still my heart goes backward to the
mountains of the West,
In my British Columbian home.

Where the Slocan river sweeps along
to join the Koot'nay's tide,
Edging little clearings here and
there,
Narrowing 'neath the mountains to
again be spreading wide,
Where the valley opens broad and
fair;
By the sedgy marshes with the wild
duck in the reeds,
By cottonwoods with roots beneath
the stream,
By the beaver meadow where the deer
at evening feeds—
There it is that Nature rules su-
preme.

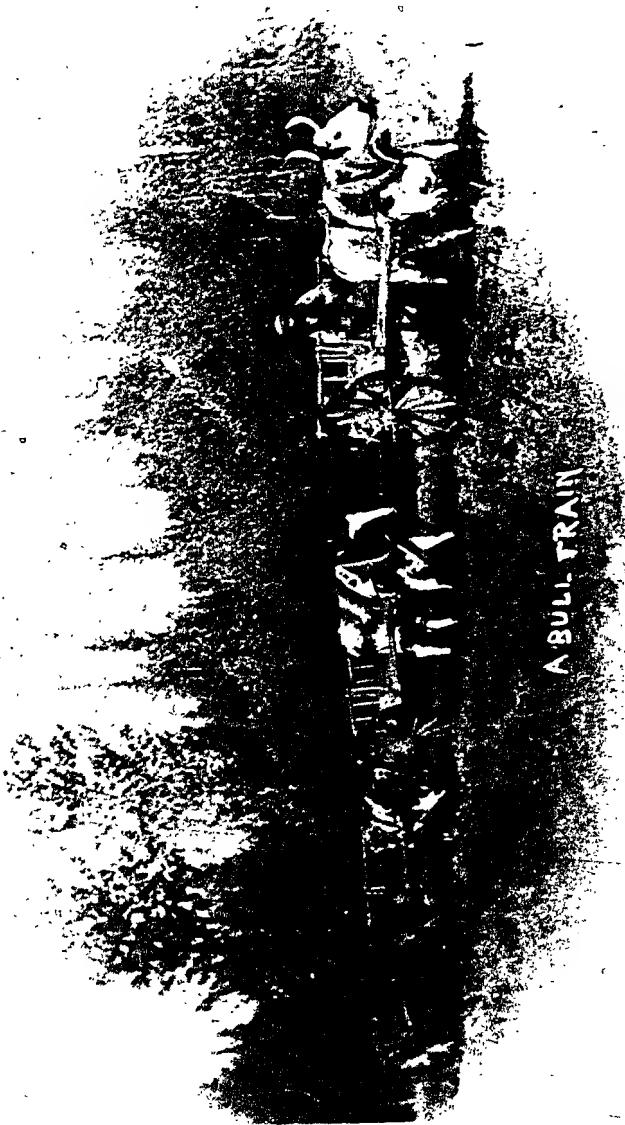
Backward, ever backward, O, its there
my heart would be,
What altho' I wander far away
Still the call of Nature bids my heart
be bounding free,
So the cities cannot make me stay.
Let me see the torrent and my heart
is satisfied,
Where Bonnington goes rushing in-
to foam;
And let me see the mountains tower-
ing upward in their pride,
In my British Columbian home.

WEARY WILLIE'S ORDEAL

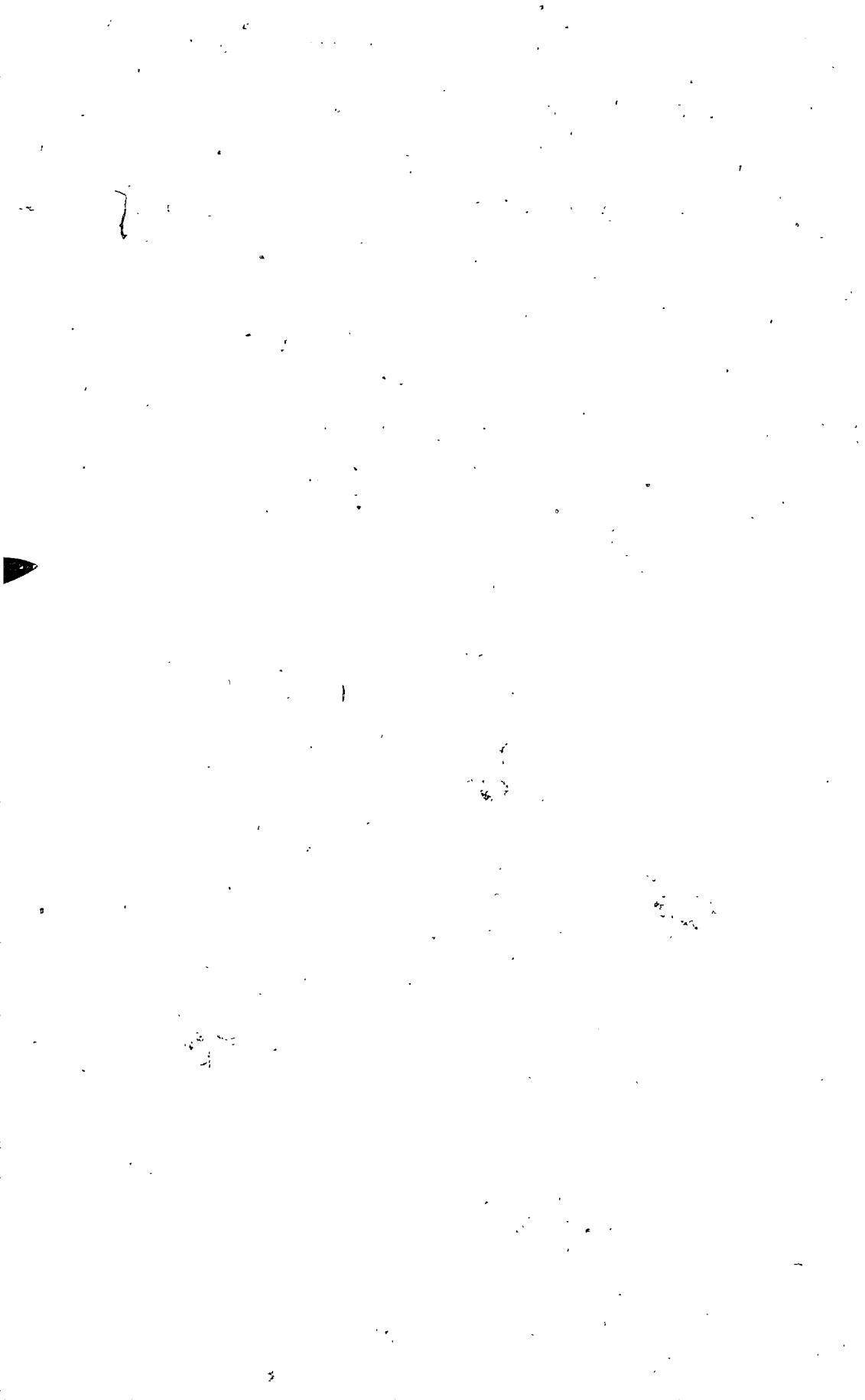
He had travelled every inch of ground
From Palouse down to Frisky;
Had ridden upon a brake-beam
Till he found it kind of risky.

*The creaking ox-carts seldom fail
To pass where the scouts have ridden.*

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A BULL TRAIN



SONGS OF THE KOOTENAY HILLS

45

He had been a Weary Willie
 Since his travelling days began,
 But they tagged him as a vagrant
 When he landed in Slocan.

He had counted every railroad tie.
 The Yankee lines can boast,
 By Seattle and Tacoma,
 And the towns along the coast.
 But they ran him out of Nelson
 So beneath Misfortune's ban,
 He had hoofed it on the C.P.R.
 Along toward Slocan.

His clothes were somewhat seedy,
 And his hair was rather long,
 His beard unkempt and tangled,
 His breath a trifle strong.
 And he always wore a coat of dirt
 Above a coat of tan;
 But they spoke of "unwashed presence"
 When he landed in Slocan.

The ad. that's for the Wilson House,
 It seems intended for:
 "Most any trail into the town
 Will lead you by our door;
 And if you're dry"—that caught him,
 When he that ad. did scan,
 He thought that it was Paradise,
 In Silvery Slocan.

He humped it on by Lemon Creek,
 With two ties at a stride—
 The only time he never thought
 That they were placed too wide.
 But though he hit a trail all right,
 That to the city ran,
 They shoved him in the Bastile,
 When he landed in Slocan.

They put him in the cooler—
 But that was no disgrace—
 The only thing that hurt him
 Was when he washed his face.
 They gave him soap and water
 And hunted up a pan,
 And the hobo's heart was broken
 In Silvery Slocan.

There's lots of stiffs about the town,
 But ever, without fail,
 They all turn into Christie's* stiffs
 When they are in the gaol.
 We've beggars, vags, and bums galore,
 But trust now, every man,
 It won't be many moons before
 They all vamoose Slocan.

So all you genial hoboes,
 That love to hit the track,
 Just turn your faces southward
 Again, and mosey back;
 For, to all but honest workingmen
 It's far the safest plan
 To keep about a hundred miles
 Between them and Slocan.

The idea for the above poem was
 conveyed to me thro' an item in the
 Slocan Drill, which read:

"TIME TO TAKE ACTION"

"Slocan is, and has been for some time, overrun with a choice line of vags, bums, stiffs, beggars, fakirs, and other undesirable characters, and it is about time the authorities took action to rid the town of their presence. No less than nine of these beauties, who had been ordered out of Sandon by the authorities, showed up here in one day. Every business man and householder is complainin' at the increasing demand for free drinks, meals, and money. The vags refuse work and their unhallowed and unwashed presence is a menace to public safety and a detriment to the usual pleasant society of the town."

A WORD FROM WEARY WILLIE

Dear Editor, Drill: I've ben readin'
 A lot uv yer squibs in a bunch,
 In a paper a kind lady give me
 Wrapped around a parcel uv lunch;
 An' I seen how Chris. Foley an' oders
 Was in de political fight,
 An' askin' de country support dem,
 Supposin' dey did what was right.

Now, it struck me as mighty peculiar,
 An' sumthin' I never hed knowed
 Dat Chris an' his brudder supporters,
 Was wid us poor chaps on de road.
 But dere don't seem no question about
 it,

Fer ye've got it all down black an'
 white,
 Dat dey're askin' de country support
 dem
 Supposin' dey do what is right.

Thar ain't much I knows uv elections
 Fer a straight forrad hobo don't
 mix
 In none uv the wranglin' an' janglin'
 An' foibles uv loose polities.

*Provincial Constable Christie.

SONGS OF THE KOOTENAY HILLS

An' I'm glad when I sees all dese fellers
 A-cuttin' uv each oder's troats,
 Dat I'm one uv de travelin' public,
 Wot don't set no value on votes.

I've tramped ev'r'y road in de country,
 An' boned ev'r'y man dat I met,
 An' lived on de country's good natur,
 An' dat's about all I could get.
 Dere's been sum hard tings said about
 me,
 Sence fust I set foot in yer camp,
 But, maybe Chris. Foley will make it
 All right wid de hard-walkin' tramp.

I don't mean ter write yer no letter,
 But only I wanted ter know
 Ef all dat yer said in yer paper
 Wuz really an' truthfully so;
 Fer, ef it is all as I take it,
 Den Chris an me's pals right along.
 Fer we're askin' de country support
 us
 An' give lots uv work to de strong.
 An' dere's only dis diff'rence between
 us,
 Which ain't very much fer ter talk,
 Dat Chris runs fer anyting goin',
 An' me—I prefer fer ter walk.
 But, wot I wuz wantin' ter ask yer,
 An' want yer ter answer, in short,
 Is: ef I wuz ter stand by de country,
 Could I count on de country's sup-
 port?

THE FLOATING MAN

Say, young feller, ter look at me,
 An' squint me over an' size me up
 When I hev drunk of the flowin' cup,
 What kind er man do ye think I be?
 Look at me an' my features scan—
 I am quick, sir, an' I am spry—
 But kaint ye see with half an eye,
 Thet I'm what ye call a floatin' man?
 "Taint my way fer ter settle down—
 May be right, but it don't agree
 With a man as active as what I be—
 Ter run a business or start a town
 When I hear there's a road began
 An' men are wanted ter push it on,
 I am off, ef my money's gone,
 An' that's the way with: a floatin' man.
 Once a month, sir, we takes our fill;
 Hard ter earn, but easily spent,
 So has always my money went,
 Always has gone and always will,

Every feller will shake your han'
 So long as ye can rattle the chink,
 An' lay it out, with the boys in drink
 In a manner becomin, a floatin' man.

Some maintain, sir, that men are
 trapped
 An' go tho' more than they can af-
 ford,
 But we can spend of our own ac-
 cord,
 And others treat us when we are
 strapped.
 Travel I will, an' travel I can
 You will here with your business
 stay
 An' be a moneyed man some day,
 But I'm what you call a floatin' man.
 * * * * *
 Yes, my friend, you're a floating man,
 Floating down with the tide of time;
 Every dollar and every dime
 Sweeping you on by another span.
 Swift to many this dark tide ran
 Sweeping onward roaring and wild,
 And you, yourself, have correctly
 styled
 The soul like you as: a floating man.

SLOCAN IS A BRAW TOON

We're a fine braw toon an' we're
 thriving yet,
 An' we're unco vauntie as ye can bet;
 An' tho' dootless we ha'e been back-
 ward set,
 We're a fine braw toon — an' we're
 thriving yet.

Hemm'd in by mountains an' girded
 by lakes,
 Whaur the forest creeps doon by its
 scattered brakes;
 In as bonnie a neuk as a toon could
 get,
 We're a fine braw toon — an' we're
 thrivin' yet.

Whaur creeks dash heidlong thro'
 canyons wide,
 Whaur the cliffs glower darkly on ilka
 side,
 Tae the open plain whaur the lake is
 met,
 We're a fine braw toon — an' we're
 thrivin' yet.

There's nocht tae hinder us spreadin'
 oot,
 For no like Sandon there's land aboot:
 An' wha kens bit gin time wull let
 We may be a Nelson or Rosslan' yet.

SONGS OF THE KOOTENAY HILLS

47

We've a gey guid site an' it's weel
set aff
Wi' the biggin's o' whilk ye can see
bit half,
For mony sae far mang the trees are
set
Thet name bit their owners ha'e seen
them yet.

A braid loch front an' a line o' pier,
Whaur the boats tie up whan they're
waitin' here
An' ye see Slocan, an' ye needna fret,
Bit oor fine braw toon wull be thrivin'
yet.

An' doon by the roads an' trails sae
steep
The rawhides are haul'd, whan the
snaw lies deep,
Wi' ore piled high, an' on this is set
Oor hopes an' ambitions for gritness
yet.

We're a fine braw toon an' ye needna
doot
Bit the mines aroun' us wull help us
oot,
~~For we're~~ we're creepin' up noo an' dinna
sweat,
We'll tak' a guid flight up the ladder
yet.

THE WANDERIN' SCOT

O, whaur soll I gae wander forth
By East or West or Sooth or North,
Tae seek amang the realms o' earth
A land like that whilk gave me birth.

They sae her hills are rough an' bare,
Bit she has valleys smilin' fair;
An', at the fit o' mountains steep,
Her calm blue lochs lie broad an' deep.

Her mountain rills come roarin' doon
Whaur glaum the naked rigs aboon,
Wi' dashin' spray an' ceaseless din
They hurl them owre ilk foamin' lynn.

Till in the peacefu' glens beneath
They wimble on thro' broom an' heath;
Whaur hardy crofters strive an' toll
Tae till the unresponsive soil.

Bit lower yet in smilin' plain
The lawland reaper binds his grain,
An' Scotlan' still has mair tae shaw
Than Hielan' mountains capp'd wi'
snaw.

Bit gin I wander whaur I will
My hert maun be in Scotia still—
Ilk misty loch, ilk rugged ben;
Whaur soll I see its like again?

* * * * *

Come wandering Scot an' Westward turn,
An' ither mountains here discern—
Ilk lofty peak, ilk rugged cleft,
Juist like the land that ye hae left.

Here pine-clad peaks on peaks arise
An' backward slant toward the skies;
An' at the fit o' mountains steep,
Oor ain blue lochs in quiet sleep.

We, too, hae streams that hasten doon
By minin' camp an' thrivin' toon,
Tae whaur the expandin' river
branches,
Roun' new-tilled farms that we ca'
ranches.

Oor hills are aiblins rough and bare,
Bit they hae mair than caller air,
For far abroad the fame has rolled
O' Koot'nays siller an' her gold

Sae wanderin' Scot gin ye wad find
A land that wad yer hert remind
O' Scotia's scenery sae gran'
Come seek oor silvery Slocan.

THE BATTLE O' BORDEN'S FA'

It wes about the year o' Four,
As weel I ca' tae min',
Whan Canada frae shore tae shore,
Thet's seldom far behin',
Began tae don its coat o' weir
An' furnish up its guns
Tae hae anither Sherrameer
Amang its lively sons.

Then there wes shoutin' frae afar
An' there wes wranglin' near,
An' oor Grit Marshal Laurier
Sent orders frae the rear;
An' swiftly sped the aides-de-camp
Tae tak' their leader's word:
We'll gie them sic a dressin' doon,
The like wes never heard."

"I'll hae the hauf Quebec wi' me,
Guid men tae stan' attacks;
An' Blaenose men frae by the sea,
As weel as Herrin' backs.

SONGS OF THE KOOTENAY HILLS

An' brawly can we trust the West
 Wi' us this day tae be,
 Wi' a' that train o' Grit events
 We ca' the G.T.P."

Then row'd the awfu' tide o' war
 Toward its several goals,
 An' liege-men followed in their chiefs
 Tae combat roun' the polls.
 Auld men grown gray in party feud,
 An' callants fresh tae strife
 Wha ne'er had seen a ballot box
 Afore in a' their life.

Noo Borden had a platform huge,
 Frae whilk the fecht tae view,
 Quo' he: "I ken that it's gey auld,
 Bit trust 'twill see me thro';
 An' tho' there's twa-three rotten
 planks,
 I'm Bo(a)rden it aroun',
 Sae that, 'twill leuk as guid as new
 An' keep frae fallin' doon."

The leader o' the Tory troops
 Stood on his platform large,
 He speechified tae a' his men
 An' ordered them tae charge.
 Then join'd in awfu' battle shock
 The pride o' armies twain,
 An' Tory, Grit, an' a' things else
 Went tumblin' owre the plain.

An' noo amid the awfu' din
 The foemen surged an' clashed
 An' mony a reputation there
 Got unco badly smashed;
 While loudly rose the slogan yells
 On that eventfu' day
 "A Borden!" "Borden!" rent the air,
 Wi' cries o' Laurier!"

They say it wes a gallant fecht—
 Guid sakes! I canna' tell—
 Bit some were up an' some were doon
 An' at it pell'an' mell,
 An' there wes shoutin' frae afar,
 An' there wes fechtin' near,
 An' bonnie leaders there got clouts
 Tae last them mony a year.

Great R. L.* oot o' Winnipeg,
 A chieftain bauld an' strang,
 He raised his 'Scottish Mither' cry
 Tae fetch the Scots alang;

*R. L. Richardson. It has been said of this man that about election time he always told about his mother being Scotch in order to get the Scots vote.

An' fiercely rushed intae the fray
 Amang his gallant men,
 The striving faes they bore him doon,
 An' he ne'er cam' back again.

Brave Gourlay o' the Blaenose troops,
 He made a gran' attack;
 Blae-nose he wes on startin' in,
 He cam' oot blae an' black.
 'The deil be wi' us a'," cried he,
 "We're losin' wi'oot doot,
 I'll seek my muckle trenches noo,
 An' name can'drive me oot."

Quo' Borden tae his generals;
 "Dost note how roun' me here
 The planks that I hae built upon
 Are shakin' gey an' queer?
 "I thocht they'd see me thro' the day,
 Bit noo, as sure as Deith"—
 Here Borden's platform a' collapsed
 Wi' a' Bo(a)rden underneath.

Bit after a' the play wes owre,
 It canna' be denied,
 Thet gallant Marshal Laurier
 Wes on the winnin' side.
 An' quo' that brilliant leader then
 Whan a' wes said an' done;
 "Whan Muckle Bill frae Koot'ney
 comes
 He'll find the fecht is won."

Sae noo that things hae gane the way
 That fate an' voters willed,
 An' some are up an' some are doon
 An' some are a' bit killed,
 Iat Grit an' Tory a' join haun's,
 Canadians tae a mon:
 An' deil be wi' the hindermaist,
 Tae rax a willin' haun'.

SLOCAN, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT YET!

We've waited long with hope deferred
 For brighter days to show
 A semblance of the good old times
 We had some years ago.
 We've waited long and now at last
 Reward we're bound to get,
 For prospects now are bright'ning
 And Slocan, you're all right yet!

There have been moments in the past,
 When often we have thought
 That things were not just coming on
 In quite the way they ought
 We were not fully satisfied
 With what success we'd met,
 But better times are comin',
 And, Slocan, you're all right yet!

SONGS OF THE KOOTENAY HILLS

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We've mines in working order now,
 Producing shipping ore,
 That warrants well the brisker times
 We've long been waiting for.
 The Black Prince and the Arlington
 And Enterprise will let
 The outside world yet understand
 Slocan is all right yet!

And many another mine there is
 That seems to promise well,
 But what the hills now hold in store
 The years alone can tell.
 We cannot turn the leaf of life
 That is before us set,
 But we can venture for to say:
 Slocan is all right yet.

We've a railroad to the summit
 All constructed in our mind,
 And the running locomotives now
 Are all we have to find.
 Then there'll be a livly mining camp
 Around these parts, you bet!
 But just now, and in the meantime,
 Slocan, you're all right yet!

You've seen the lowest ebb, Slocan,
 You've had your ups and downs;
 You've had your little drawbacks,
 Just the same as other towns,
 But things are picking up again,
 So why need we regret;
 The Past lies all behind you,
 And Slocan, you're all right yet!

FLOWER O' THE PLAINS

A welcome to my brother's bride on
 her home-coming to B.C. in the Spring
 of 1905.

Prairie Flower that has bloomed on
 the plain,
 Where the sun comes up over fields
 of wheat,
 And the rolling swale upon every hand
 Stretches where Earth and the hea-
 vens meet,
 And warmed by the sun and wet by
 the rain
 Where the broad land laughs o'er its
 golden gain;
 And the sun goes down over fields
 of grain—
 Prairie flower that has bloomed on
 the plain,
 We welcome you into our own West
 land.

Flower of the plains, you are welcome
 here,
 Tho' our vales are narrow, our moun-
 tains high;
 Yet of what we have we proffer our
 best,
 And what tho' our tall cliffs pierce
 the sky.
 Our hills are shelter from storms se-
 vere;
 Our hearts are whole, and our hearts
 are warm,
 And we, like our hills that weather
 the storm,
 Stand firm to protect each fragile
 form—
 And we welcome you in to our own
 loved West.

Prairie flower, we have known you
 long;
 In Winter's storm and in Summer's
 sun;
 In the long fierce heat of the Summer's
 day,
 And the cool, soft air when the day
 was done.
 Flower of the plains, when the heart
 loves strong
 Then Nature joins as we all rejoice
 And the woods and the streams lift
 up their voice—
 And one we love has made you his
 choice,
 And we welcome you into our hearts
 for aye.

THE CORPORATION TALK

Och, shure, an have yez heard, me
 bhoys,
 What fame abroad has flung,
 The word that is in ivry mouth,
 The spache on ivry tongue;
 Av how our grate metropolis
 Av Koot'nay's richest rock
 Is all alive an' joinin'
 In a corporation talk.

There's hapes av grate excitement
 Ivry day wid in the wake,
 An' a dale av spachfyin'
 By who'iver cares to speake;
 For a few there are agin it—
 There's always some to balk—
 But they're mostly all in favor
 Av the corporation talk.

SONGS OF THE KOOTENAY HILLS

Thin Mulveytown an' Brandontown
 Wid us will all unite;
 We've always been united,
 But we'll thin be welded tight.
 An' there'll be some big improvement
 If we're rightly puttin' stock
 In the way that rumor's workin'
 In the corporation talk.

Shure if ivrything is worked the way
 It ought to be by right
 We'll have to have some watherworks
 An, some electric light;
 An,, bedad! mesilf is thinkin'
 Av improvements round the dock
 An' a little strate car system—
 'Oim for corporation talk.

An, whin there's mayor an' aldermin
 To boss how things are run
 There must be more officials
 To see the work is done;
 An', perhaps a shtout policeman
 To parade on ivry block—
 All this may be the outcome
 Av the corporation talk.

If ye're wantin' av some peeler,
 Here's mesilf that understands,
 An' dozen sons av Erin
 Wid shilleylehs in their hands;
 For shure, we're always riddy
 For to give and take a knock,
 An' we're honest, straight, an' stiddy,
 An' for corporation talk

If it's loike the day is comin',
 Whin the place will so advance,
 Thin, there's lots av honest fellows
 Will be glad to have a chance;
 An' the riverind city fathers
 To the council hall will flock
 To wrangle, loike theyre doin'
 In this corporation talk.

THE QUARENCESS AV IT

For a town that is mostly so dacent
 an' quiet,
 Wid citizens always inclinin' to
 pace,
 Shure, this is the devil av strife that's
 come by it
 An' shlingin' defiance in ivry man's
 face;
 For Wiroo-asthoo! 'tis the terrible
 pity
 That min that have always been
 brothers afore

Are all up in arms now the place is a
 city,
 In a civil—no uncivil—scourge av a
 war.

Yez see, its loike this, as it always has
 been, sor,
 That governamnts iver, both little
 an' large.

Must always have min to be rulers av
 min, sor,

To hilp on affairs an' to kape down
 the charge.

An' whin all av the Philistines round
 an' about us

Are havin' their mayors an' their
 aldermin, too,

Shure, how can Prosperity go on wid
 out us

Unless we do jist as the other camps
 do?

An' some they be shoutin' the praises
 av York, sor,

Av foine ancient house, sor, as Oi
 have been towld;

An' some think that Robertson's made
 for the worrk, sor,

A grate undhertaker, as all can up-
 hould.

But for such a loive camp as an hon-
 est suggestion,

It sames molgthy quare, if the truth
 be not hid

How one dales in mate that is did, wid-
 out question,

The other wid paple jist afther
 they're did.

Slocan City B.C.

HELLO, OLD STOCKING, HELLO!

'Tis a greeting of cheer, tho' it may
 not appear
 To the hearer that this may be so;
 When an old friend thus greets you
 the moment he meets you
 With, Hello, Old Stocking, Hello!

While sauntering down thro' the
 the streets of the town,
 A voice strikes your ear as you go;
 A voice ringing out, in a jubilant
 shout
 Of Hello, Old Stocking, Hello!

While down at the store with a com-

rade or more

You are making your eloquence flow,
 A friend coming in, interrupts with a
 grin,
 And Hello, Old Stocking, Hello!

SONGS OF THE KOOTENAY HILLS

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It may be again, that you're taking the
train,

Or have your best girl for a row,
But no matter where, if your friend
spot you there,

'Tis Hello, Old Stocking, Hello!

Some persons are glad when a chance
may be had

To show there is someone they
know,

And no one could dream of a much
better theme

Than Hello, Old Stocking, Hello!

'Tis a greeting of cheer, tho' it soon
may appear

To somewhat monotonous grow,
As soon may my song if I make it too
long

With Hello, Old Stocking, Hello!

Yet let me advise, if your Irish arise,
'Gainst the friend who addresses
you so,
Don't turn in attack, but answer him
back

With Hello, Old Stocking, Hello!

THE SAW MILL WHUSTLE

It wes that season o' the year
Alang aboot October
Whan Autumn pu's the yellow leaves
In colors gay tae robe her;
'At Satan for the Klondyke boun'
Stuck his horned heid aboon the
groun'.

Noo Satan mused on sic affairs
As likely wad concern him,
Till coming intae lichter airs
He watna whaur tae turn him
An' findin' ane wi' whom tae speak.
Fand oot he wes at Lemon Creek.

Bit scarce he got the information
Whan fearfu' shrieks rose on the air
Sic as wad drive tae desperation
A' bit sic as were leevin' there,
Tae whom 'twas an ilka day affair,
An' dootless they'd thole wi' a hantle
mair.

Auld Satan listened, alarm'd, amazed,
An' only said as aboot tae leave,
In a manner 'at show'd he wes simply
dazed,
'At it wes a thing he could scarce
believe

That his rule o' mankind wes noo sus-
pended,
An' Hell suld cease ere the warld wes
ended.

An' as he sank thro' the auld earth's
crust

His informant leuched as he nicht
richt well,
Tae think 'at the deevil suld never
mistrust

Bit what the soun' wes a soun' o'
Hell,

An' thet he had gane aff wi' sic speed
an' bustle,
Simply because o' the —— Sawmill
whustle.

YE'RE NOO A MAIRIT MAN

(To J. T. Thompson.)

Dear Teed, I've juist been hearin'
What I jaloused lang afore,
Thet yer bark has lately grounded
On the blest Hymeneal shore,
An' I sen' tae gie ye greetin'
Sic as rhymster bodies can
Seein' ye're na langer single
Bit ye're noo a mairrit man.

Nae, I scarce can noo approach ye
In the free, aff-handed way,
Sic as aye has been oor custom
In the greetin' o' the day,
An' altho' it seems I've ventured
On the 'Teed' when I began,
Noo I write ye 'Maister Tamson,'
Thet ye're noo a mairrit man.

I hae nocht o' douce advisement.
Sic as 'bulder heids can give
Wha', wi' mony years' experience,
Can teach ye hoo tae live.
Bit I juist hae this tae caution,
An' I houp ye'll understan',
Aye ca' cannie tae the guidwife,
Like a prudent mairrit man.

For it's like there's be discussions
In the family noo an' then,
Geordie Pierce, ye ken has telt us
Hoo it is wi' mairrit men.*
An' in absence o' the broomstick
She may seize the fryin' pan.
An' mak' ye maist repentant
Thet ye're noo a mairrit man.

*Alluding to a song sung by the gentleman at a party, which song was entitled "The Bald-Headed End of the Broom."

SONGS OF THE KOOTENAY HILLS

Sae ca' cannie tae the guidwife,
 An' may yer lives be sweet,
 An' may ye aye hae plenty
 For tae keep ye on yer feet,
 An' noo ye've joined the Benedicts
 We rax ye oot a han'.
 Fareweel, fareweel, tae bachelordom
 - Ye're noo a mairrit man.

An' Tamson, gin in after life
 Yer thochts suld backward steal,
 Mind a' the fowk at Lemoh Creek
 Wull wush ye nocth bit weel,
 An' may yer length o' years extend
 Ayont the human span,
 Till ye toddle doon the slope o' Life,
 A gray auld mairrit man.

ANOTHER DAY OF RAIN

The mist is on the mountain tops,
 And sinketh lower yet;
 The few and straggling drizzly drops
 Have made the timber wet;
 And from the south and from the west
 The dark clouds loom again,
 Bespeaking, as we might have guessed
 Another day of rain.

The owl hoots from the dry tree top,
 His mate, she answers back;
 They see the clouds come trooping up
 That makes the heavens black.
 And, "Hoot tu, Hoot," across the
 night,
 Rings out that old refrain,
 Which tells we now have guess'd
 aright,
 Another day of rain.

Far down along the river now
 The loon is laughing loud,
 He sees upon the mountain brow
 The sideling sable cloud;
 And laughs to think tomorrow's sun
 May downward look in vain,
 And then may hold their work undone
 Throughout the hours of rain.

And loud the bullfrog's voice proceeds,
 From out the dingy marsh,
 Sounding amid the grass and reeds
 Most dissonant and harsh;
 Yet voicing ardently enough,
 If noise can thus explain,
 His eager expectation of
 Another day of rain.

The creek, with loud and angry tones,
 Hurls down his torrent wide,
 And rumbles o'er the mighty stones
 Beneath his swollen tide;

Knowing no barrier in his course
 That can his might restrain,
 And adding volumes to his force
 With every day of rain.

The sky is growing blacker now,
 The drops more quickly play;
 We're off to bed now anyhow
 And let it rain away.
 But when the hours of night are thro'
 And daylight we regain,
 Once more we will awaken to
 Another day of rain.

THE DYING PROSPECTOR

"Partner, draw the blanket 'round me,
 For the day is growing chill,
 And the sun is slowly settling
 Down behind the western hill.
 Lift me up, that I may linger
 On his last departing ray
 For when he comes back to-morrow
 I'll be far upon my way.

"Look up yonder toward the summit,
 Where you see his golden glow
 Bathing softly in its splendor
 All the distant peaks of snow.
 So we've often watched him, comrade,
 When his latest glance has lain
 On our own dark hills of Koot'nay,
 And the peaks of Coeur d'Alene.

"Many a year we two have wandered,
 And the rocky ledges roamed,
 Where the eager miner followed
 Till the slopes were honeycombed.
 Men would have the precious metals,
 And I think we've done our share,
 Seeking out the treasures hidden
 That the hills were loth to bare.

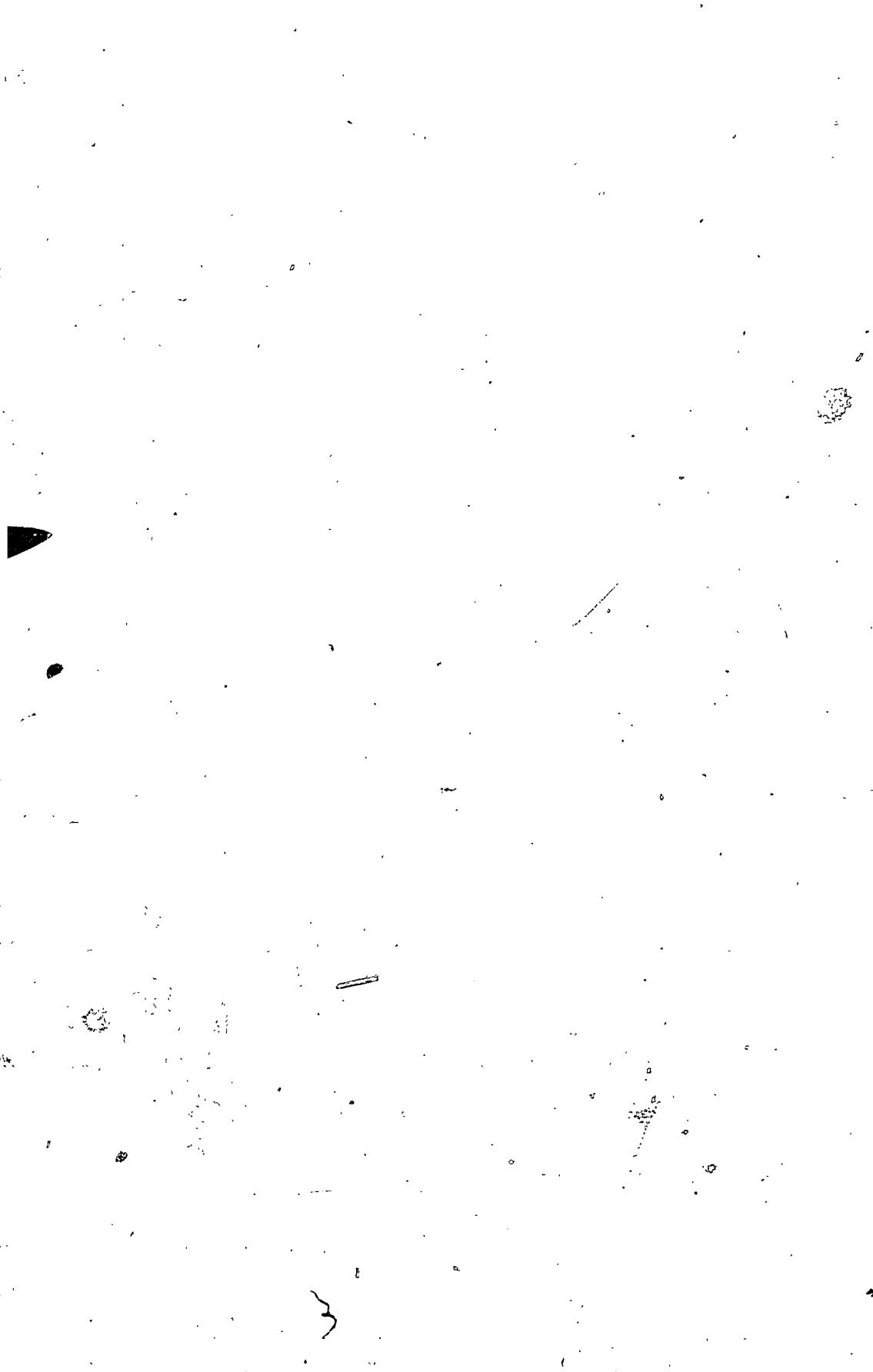
"Hoping, hoping—ever hoping!
 So our rugged lives we'd trace,
 Reading in the book of Nature,
 Looking in her stony face.
 Hoping else we had not clambered
 To the top of many a hill;
 Hoping, hoping—ever hoping!
 Comrade, I am hoping still.

"We have gone thro' life together
 When the days were dark and
 drear;
 We have seen the glints of sunshine,
 We have had our days of cheer.
 And, when I go climbing upward
 By the way we all should take,
 Will you have your claim adjacent
 To the one that I shall stake?

*In the heart of our own blue mountains
That gurdon our Silver West.*

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"Comrade, comrade, there's a throb-
bing
In my head and thro' my brain—
No, I cannot see the sunset,
For my head is racked with pain.
But, I hear the mountain torrent
Roaring, rushing, tearing down,
In the canyon far beneath us
Where the rocks are grim and
brown.

"Hold my hand a little longer,
So I know that you are there,
I have lived in hope my comrade,
And I cannot meet despair.
Off and up the darksome valley
I must go by mountains high—
It is black, but yet they tell us
"Twill be lighter by and by.

"Partner, draw the blanket 'round me,
For I feel an icy thrill,
And the sun has long departed
Down behind the Western hill.
And I'm going, going, going!
Comrade, life is fleeting fast;
But I've climb'd too many mountains
For-to-falter-at-the-last."

ON THE DEATH OF A PROSPECTOR

No more shall he prospect our hills for
gold,
He whom we long have known;

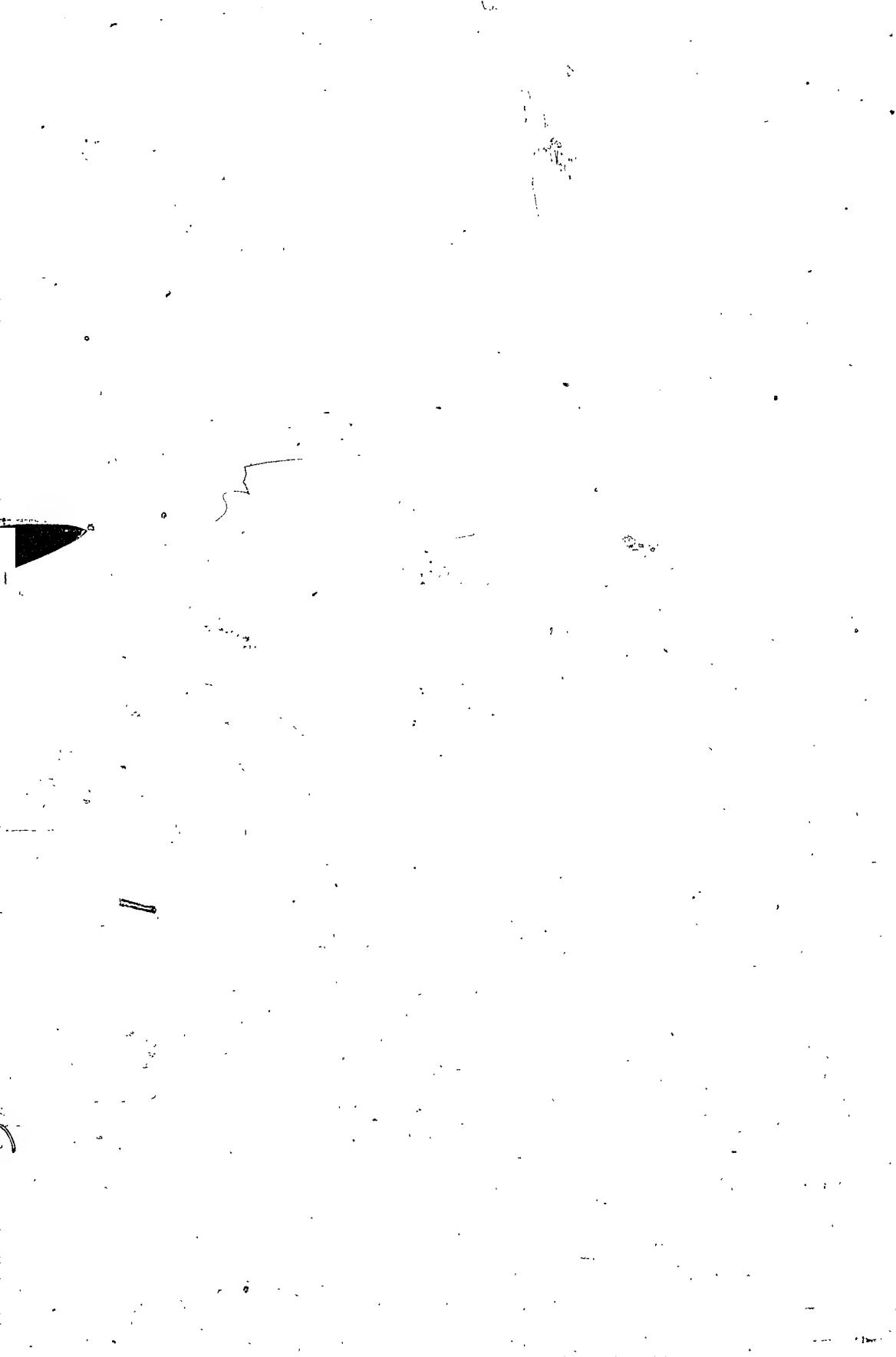
He has staked a claim that has wealth
untold,
And has gone to take his own.
Not where the mountains are rugged
and steep,
Where hardships are daily met,
But in Life everlasting where plea-
sures will keep—
Why should we then regret?

He has gone thro' life with a miner's
hope,
And ever, a cheerful smile
Facing the sorrows we all must cope
And battling them all the while.
Life, he had found, was made up of
this:
With pleasures that much deceive—
Then when his spirit has entered on
bliss
Why should we so much grieve?

Nay, we mourn not, losing our trust
Lacking the faith we boast—
Only, that parting gives many a
thrust
To hearts that have loved him most,
And while we go on our pilgrimage
through,
Ever while life shall remain,
Ours is the loss of a friend that was
true,
And his is no loss, but gain.



POEMS IN THE PATOIS



Poems in the Patois

SLOCAN JIMMIE'S CLUB

B'gosh, my fren', Slocan have got.
De foolishes kin' of man
Dat ever struck dis contree
Sence dere ever was Slocan.
You wait one leetle minute just,
I tell you all of him;
De name is Jimmie Nasium—
Dat's shorten down to Jim.

An' Jimmie, he is start de Club,
Wit' plaintee man belong,
To do all kin' of foolish ting,
Suppose for mak' you strong.
He have ol' store dat's all feex up,
An' window in de street
Is all board up, so you can't see
De acrobatic feat.

An' all de feller what belong,
Dey come dere evree day,
An' turn upon an ol' gas pipe—
Das h'actin'-bar, dey say.
An' climb on ladder way up high,
An' let de body swing
By hangin' on some circolet,
What dey call "travelin' ring."

An' also dey have got some strap,
For pull on wit' de arm—
What I have heard some feller say,
He act jus' lak a charm—
For mak' de muscle all ver' tough,
An' save you lots of troub',
When you do all de oder t'ings
Dey do in Jimmie's Club.

Dere is what you call "ponchin' bag,"
Das hung up by a string;
An' all de feller ponche heem hard,
For see how fas' he's swing.
But some dat don't care mooche for dis
Have oder game instead;
An' stead of ponche de ponchin' bag,
Dey ponche each oder's head.

So dere be lots of business man—
You see heem every day—
Dat go about wit' broken mout',
An' don't have mooche to say.
An' some have got de eye all black,
An' swell'd all up wit' blows,
An' plaintee man wit' pretty face
Have plastaire on de nose.

De preacher, he is go dere too,
An' whole lot more beeg bug;
Also de man what kip de store,
What sell all kin' of drug.
He's handy man for feex you up,
Suppose you don't feel well;
Also suppose he don't tak' care,
He won't feel good himself.

Sometam I have it tol' to me,
By feller what attend,
Dey fight wit' too long piece of steel
Wit' rubbaire on de en'.
Dey's so dey won't be ver' mooche
hurt
By what dey call de fence,
For all dis fuss in Jimmie's Club
Is only jus' pretence.

By'n by deres goin' to be some drill,
Das spruce dem up a pile,
If dey can get de men enough
To mak' it wort' de while,
An' dat will be de coup de grace
To all de whole affaire;
When all de boy dat feel inclined,
Drill a la militaire.

De captain he is all select
To have de whole command;
An' it's by common curtisy,*
He's tak' de ting in hand.

*Capt. Curtis.

POEMS IN THE PATOIS

For all agree he's only man
 Dere is about de place,
 Dat know enough of army's drill
 For put dem troo de pace.

De mos' of feller hereabout,
 Dey don' put ver' mooche stock
 In any kin' of drill at all
 But drillin' in de rock,
 An' so if dey be got in step,
 An' go on de parade,
 It's ver' lak dat you soon will hear
 Of Slocan Jim's Brigade.

However dat may be, my frien',
 I cannot say for true,
 For all I know about dis here
 Is what I tol' to you.
 But if you should be in de town,
 An' want to have some game,
 Don' hang roun' Jimmie Nasium,
 Or hol' yoursel' to blame.

Dere may be lots of fun for sure,
 But I not see de joke,
 To pay some money for to go
 An' get your face all broke;
 By put on pair of boxin' gloves
 An' get some gentle knocks,
 So I got somewhere else, ma fren',
 To get ma' Creesmas box.

Lemon Creek, Jan. 1st, 1900.

ON DE EN' OF A CROSS-CUT SAW

Ever sence I was 'lil garcon,
 No higher dan your knee,
 I have to work wit' beeg strong man
 What used to saw wit' me.
 An' ever sence I can remin'
 I hav' to tug and draw,
 An' mak' de sawdus' for to fly
 On de en' of a cross-cut saw.

De lombaireman hav' appetite
 To eat jus' lak de hors,
 Which mak' heem grow up beeg an'
 strong,
 An' geev heem plaintee force
 To work out in de snowy wood
 On frosty day an' thaw,
 An' ronne de race wit' Fader Time
 On de en' of a cross-cut saw.

An' when de tam for meals is come
 (He's hungry in between)
 He eat de great fat sow-bellee
 An' gobble down de bean,

An' what was geev heem appetite
 De beeg fat pork to chaw,
 Was workin' in de lombaire wood
 On de en' of a cross-cut saw.

Ol' Nature says dat man mus' work
 An' earn hees bread wit' sweat—
 I hav' been workin' all my life,
 An' still am workin' yet.
 But if I got to work at all,
 An' stick to Nature's law,
 I might get on to mooch wors' job
 Dan de en' of a cross-cut saw.

Ever sence I was lil small boy
 I work lak' beeg strong man,
 An' I can tell you what it ees
 Eef anybody can.
 Den here's to de French Canadien,
 An' shout: "Heep, heep, Hooraw,"
 For de man what work in de lombaire
 wood,
 On de en' of a cross-cut saw.

DE SIGN OF SOMMAIRE TAM

It ees not ver' long tam ago
 Dat we was feel lak sing
 Wit' all de lightness of de heart
 Dat come along wit' Spring;
 Of how de merry leetle bird
 Was sing on every spray,
 An' how de drear col' Winter tam
 Was soon be go away.
 Dat all ver' nice to talk about,
 De wedder nice also.
 I lak so mooche as anyone
 For see de Winter go;
 But now de wedder, she's be warm,
 De snow ees almos' gone,
 An' pretty soon de Sommaire tam
 She's be a comin' on.

We lak de freshness in de air
 De breat' of Spring was geev,
 Dat mak' all Nature everywhere
 Feel plaisirment to leev;
 Dat wake de soun' of forest life
 Dat slumber half de year,
 For come across de clearin' wide
 So soon as Spring was here.
 All dat was nice so long eet las'
 But dat ain't las' ver' long,
 De sun wit' ev'ry day dat pass
 Was leetle bit more strong;
 An' now, when April's nearly done,
 So brightly he was shone,
 Dat pretty soon de Sommaire tam
 She's be a comin' on.

POEMS IN THE PATOIS

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De flowers, dey soon be out in bud—
De gardeen flowers, I mean—
De trees don' changé ver' mooche, be-
cause
Dey're mostly evergreen;
But jus' de leetle grass was spill
Along de railroad track,
Was tell us dat de Sommaire tam
Was soon be comin' back.
You want to know how else I know
De Sommaire soon be here?
I hear dat leetle mus-kee-toe
Go "Bizz-bizz" in my ear;
He tell me wit' de ver' firs' blood
Dat ever he has drawn,
Dat pretty soon de Sommaire tam
She's be a comin' on.

DE FARMAIRE'S RES'

Dat's ver' nice wedder we have jus'
now,
She's rainin' mos' ev'ry day.
An' all of de western rancher man,
What lak for hees crop to pay,
He can sit in hees shaintee mos' all de
tam,
An' look on de wet outside,
An' glad he's not railroad-navee now
For work on de beeg mud slide.

An' de farmaire he stop an' say:
"What all de use get wet
Dis ees nice wedder for grow de
spud,
Also de onion set.
De crop, she's all in de groun',
De hen, she's all on de nes';
Dis only tam dat de farmaire got
For tak' heem de leetle res'."

By gos'! dat's come on de shake ver'
hard,
De swish, swish, swish of de rain;
But what's de odds to de farmeen man,
So long eet's good for de grain?
He don' need foller de plow jus' now,
De draggin', she all can go,
For de crop, she's in, in plaintee good
tam,
Wit' noting to do but grow.

So de farmaire look out an' say:
"Fine for sproutin' de seed,
An' jus' clear whack for strawberry
plant
Fetchin' heem 'long lak weed.
Good t'ing dat small cabbaige
Set out las' week; I guess;
Dis only tam de farmaire have got
For tak' heem de leetle res'."

Some tam, when de sun shine heem
down ver' hot,
An' heat—dat ees holy fright—
De farmaire get down to de loggin' bee
An' ees dirtee from morn till night.
Dat's plaintee nice change de farmaire
have got,
Got all diff'rent ting for do;
But farmaire, he's nevar lak nobody
else
Hees work ees nevar got troo.

Only he say: "Sapre!"
S'pose dat ees leetle shower,
Maybe I'll go in de house an' wait
Feefteen or twentee hour.
All dis ees jus' what I'm order mak',
Jus' what I lak de bes';
Dis only tam dat de farmaire have
got
For tak' heem de leetle res'.

To-morrow dat farmaire hees dig some
drain,
Or someting else eef eet's dry;
An', spose dat wedder she's nice an'
warm,
An' sun shine out on de sky,
Dat farmaire have smile all over hees
face,
An' say: "How dat crop she's grow;
Dis ees jus' what I'm order for straw
berrie plant,
An' good for de grain also.

You t'ink dere ain't no t'ing
So good for de ceety man
As get on de farm along on Spring
An' work all de hard he can;
But don't you be mak' mistak',
For maybe de fonne get less
When you fin' de tam she's rain de
mos'
De farmaire get mos' de res'.

PORE FELLER BACK ON DE FARM

I'm hear me jus' now, dere's beeg
strak on de road,
An' section boss spik me an' say,
Dat's cause all dat feller he's tink
heem, Ba gosh!
He's work heem too hard for de pay
Dat's not fonny ting for pore feller at
all,
What got de beeg famlee for keep;
For plaintee de tam you are go on de
store
You fin' dat de good she's not cheap.

POEMS IN THE PATOIS

An' mos' ev'ry day I am read on de pap';
 Beeg strak here, or off on de Stat';
 An' tousand good man he is out of
 hees job,
 An' tink all de worl' she's gone flat.
 An' prap' dat ees not ver' strange ting
 affer all,
 When monee, she's cause all dat
 harm,
 But it seem all de peep, dey can go on
 de strak
 But pore feller back on de farm.

For farmaire have always emploiment
 le gros,
 What need heem bot' earlee an' late;
 An' dere's nevair no chance when
 you're all your own boss,
 For mak' you de beeg agitate.
 Dere's no use for shak' you de fist on
 de air
 An' fly on some oder man's throat,
 An' jomp on de platform an' tear you
 de hair,
 When you're Labor an' Capital bot'.

Dere ain't any use when de monee
 ain't flush,
 For swear you will stop—not at all;
 You jus' got to wait till dat crop ees
 come off;
 An' de monee come in on de Fall.
 Den, s'pose you are fin' dat you're aw-
 ful bad case,
 An' your finance ees mak' you alarm,
 Youbettair geev up an' go some noder
 place,
 When you're pore feller back on de
 farm.

HOW SLOCAN KEP' DE FIRS'

What kin' of tam we had down dere
 At Slocan on de firs'?
 Why, plaintee fonne, for dose dat have
 De monee in de purse;
 An' plaintee fonne for beeg hotel
 Dat do de rushin' trade;
 An' lots of chance for minin' man
 To swaller all he's made.

De town dat day ees what you call
 De veree lively camp,
 Altho' de crowd be somewhat small,
 De wedder seem so damp.
 An' lots of boy from up de lak'
 Come down to see de show;
 B'gosh for look at evreet'ing,
 You t'ink Slocan ain't slow.

Dere's evreebody on de street
 Have smile upon de face,
 Das lak for mak' you feel at home
 An' not so out of place.
 An' evreeone enjoy heemself
 Eet seem so any rate—
 When dey come into town for see
 De Slocan celebrate.

Dey have de fine brass band up dere,
 Das geev de musique free,
 Away up on de wagon box
 So evreeone can see.
 Dey play de ol' sweet airs about
 Our own Canadien land,
 An' evreebody wave de hat
 An' shout for beat de band.

Dere's lots of boy—you see heem dere
 Dat have hees pants cut short,
 So he can run into de race
 An' oder kin' of sport.
 An' dere ees lots of horse race, too,
 Dat miner understand;
 For dere are lots of stakes put up
 An' plaintee cash change hand.

De football gam', she's great success—
 Silverton come off slick—
 An' feller dat have broken shin
 Don't feel no cause to kick.
 But now Slocan, she's practise hard,
 So when de nex' year come,
 Dey'll all go up to Silverton
 An' beat dem dere at home.

Dere's lots of flag'on evree coat,
 An' high into de air;
 An' all de beaux esprits for sure
 Have got de ladies dere.
 But here I doff my hat, b'gosh!
 Wit' every true Frenchman,
 An' here is to de ladies
 An' de future of Slocan.

LEETLE COTTONTAIL*

De saison she be in on de veree firs'
 de mont'
 An' mos' de mans aroun' here, he's
 kip up half de night,
 Out wit' evree kin' of gun dat's any
 good for hunt,
 An' watch dat leetle Cottontail
 Go

Bobbin'

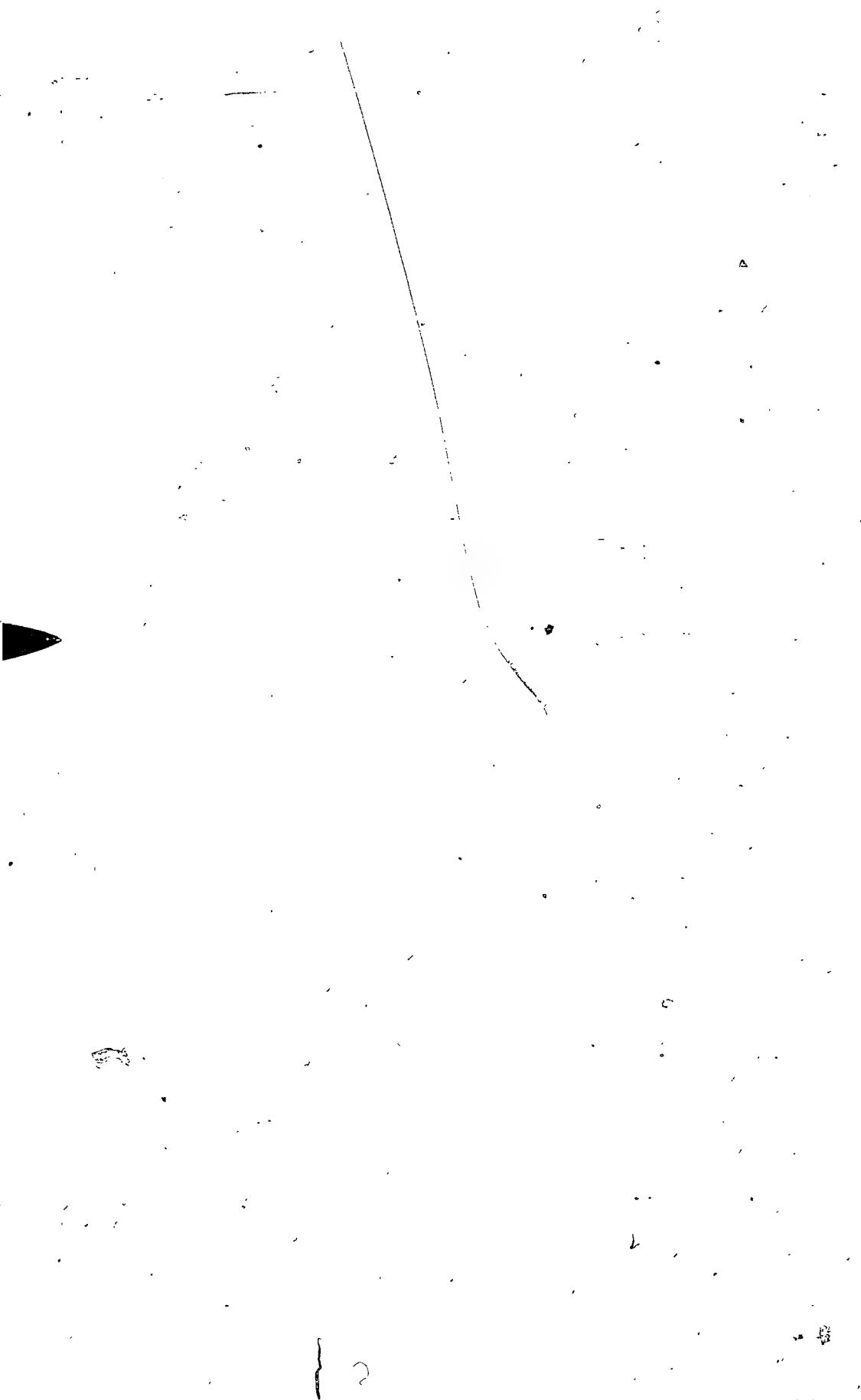
Out of sight.

*A species of deer common in the Kootenay country. They have a fluffy white tail resembling cotton, from whence the name is derived. The season for deer hunting opens September 1st.

*W'en he's turnin' furrows
Wit' de prairie-breaker plow.*

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POEMS IN THE PATOIS

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Nevair see de lak,
Prap de bushes crack;
Anyway, hees awful scare an' get
heem plaintee fright.

Down de beaver meadow, an' in
among de brush,
An' all along de reever, an' up on
top de heel,
Evreet'ing she's quiet dere, an' not'ing
break de hush;
But, all same, lots of feller
Are
Watchin'
For to keel.

An' leetle Cottontail,
Dey'll get you wit'out fail,
For all are swear to get you, an'
dat's de way dey feel.

Moon, she don' be shinin' none to-
night among de trees,
But hunter, he is earlee bird, an' gets
up wit' de light;
Lie out on de wet grass, so col' hees
nearly freeze,
An' by an' by de Cottontail

Come
Bobbin'
Into sight

Nevair turn your head.
Dat's tam I'm shoot you dead;
Sapment! dis tam, I guess, I'm
gettin' you all right.

Leetle Cottontail, for sure, dis de las'
tam you are neat
On de nice grass in de meadow,
where de sommair night you
stay,
No more you're clam de montaine, tho'
you're awful quick, de feet,
Dis tam I got you covered an'
You

Don'
Be get away.

Dis gun ain't got no treek,
An' I get you plaintee queek;
You're not protec' by Govrement an'
—Bang!—Hooray! Hooray!

For sure, I'm hit dat Cottontail, but—
Diabla! where's he be?
Sacr'! scuse some sacredam—but
see dat spot of white,
Hees tall among de bushes dere, dat's
all dat you can see;
An' dere's dat leetle Cottontail
Go
Bobbin'
Out of sight.

Jus' anoder miss,
But it's always same as dis;
For dere's honder shot what miss
heem for one dat go all right.

CAYUSE BROWN

Leevn' hard an' drinkin' long
An' trampin' de heels in shine or
rain,
Dat's ver' soon tell on de man what's
strong,
An' fetch roomateek—dat's de ver'
bad pain,
An' sleep on de groun on mos' col'
night,
When snow she's deep whole con-
tree roun',
Mebee you leev long tam all right,
You come pore feller lak Cayuse
Brown.

Young man, clam on hill lak dis,
Don' think not'ing of dat, Sapre!
T'ink of de gol', she's all be hees,
S'pose he is strak reech claim some
day;
But all ol' tammer dat you have met,
He's say: "You bettaire be stay on
town;
Sometam when you shak' it de han'
wit' Deat",
Same, pore feller, lak Cayuse
Brown.

Life, she's bot' de smooth an' rough,
Plaintee hard from de start to stop;
But de prospectorre, you will fin'sure
'nuff
Have always de rouges' side on
top.
An' often de tam, you are fin' he's try
Hees troub' in de straight whiskey
for drown,
An' dat's how he's come, you'll see
by'n by,
Pore ol' feller lak Cayuse Brown.

But den, when he's clam heem dose
beeg rock,
An' get heem more wet you are nev-
aire see,
Seem dere's less cause for de peep to
talk
S'pose he is get heem on jus' un
spree.

POEMS IN THE PATOIS

An', s'pose he is tak' heem un small coup,
 Prap, when le bon Dieu, He's look down,
 Mebee He's hi' small peety, too,
 For pore ol' feller lak Cayuse Brown

"From the Slocan Drill!"—Another sudden death is to be added to the many that have taken place in these parts in recent years. Saturday morning at an early hour E. Brown known as "Cayuse," was found dead in the old townsite office, corner Arthur St. Judge Harrison had moved into the building only the day previous, Cayuse assisting in the moving. He afterwards started on a spree and punished considerable whisky. Some time during the night he entered the Judge's place by way of the back door and without awakening the Judge and a companion sleeping there. When they arose just after daylight they saw Brown lying on the floor supposedly asleep. Later on returning from a walk, they went to arouse Brown, and saw at once something was wrong. They summoned Chief of Police Clark and Dr. Bentley, who pronounced the man dead.

Brown was a character well known to everyone on the lake and had always been a hard drinker.

DE HAPPY FARMAIRE MAN

Eet's nice to be de farmaire man,
 Espcjalee on' Spring,
 An' leev out dere upon de farm
 An' grow mos' evreet'ing;
 An' get de healt' dat always come
 Wit' leevin' out of door,
 An' milk de cow, an' feed de peeg,
 An' do two t'ousan' chore.

"Peeg, peeg, peeg!"
 Hear dat farmaire call—
 My! dem hog ees growin' beeg
 Since back upon de Fall.
 Evreone but crazee fool
 Dey know dat farmeen pays,
 For peeg can eat mos' evret'ing
 De farmaire want to raise.

Eet mus' be plaintee kin' of fonne
 W'en Spring come roun' again,
 An' fluffy leetle cheeken ronne
 Beside de moder hen;

W'en evret'ing ees feelin' good
 An' can't be kippin' steel
 An' farmaire gader in de egg
 To pay de grocery beel.

"Chook, chook, chook, chook!"
 Hen, an' leetle chick,
 W'en he's scatter out de grain
 Dey pick, an' pick, an' pick.
 Farmaire's gettin' weal'y, sure,
 W'en egg ees nice an' dear—
 An' ceety feller know dat hen
 Lay twelve mont' on de year.

See dat fonny leetle calf,
 Go jumping evrewhere,
 Wit'—so droll—hees leetle tail
 Stuck up in de air.
 Dat's de only way he have—
 To show how good he feel—
 Nevaik t'ink dat farmeen man
 Could mak' heem into veal.

"Suck, suck, suck, suck!"
 Soon dat farmaire splk,
 Den dat fonny leetle calf
 Come ronnin' plaintee quick.
 Shove hees head into de pail;
 Bunt eet wit' hees nose—
 Saprement!—dat farmeen man
 You ought to see hees clo'es.

Sometam, w'en affer hard day's work
 He's hontin' up de cow,
 For me to say, w'at farmaire say,
 Dis paper won't allow.
 But poet feller always sing
 How sweet hees res' mus' be—
 By Gos! he's tire, dat's w'at eet ees,
 As tire as tire can be.

"Co Boss! Co Boss!"
 Dat's de way he cry,
 W'en he's callin' in de cow
 To bring de milk supply.
 In de brush an' up de heel,
 Dat's de way he go—
 No, de jolly farmaire man
 Don' nevaik fin' eet slow.

Eet's nice to be de farmeen man,
 You bet your' boot eet ees,
 An' not have no one boss heem roun'
 But jus' do w'at he please.
 An' get de healt' w'at always come
 Wit' leevin' out of door,
 An' plant de crop, an' poule de weed,
 An' do all kin' of chore.

"Gee, Haw! Gee, Haw!"
 Hear heem at it now,
 W'en he's turning furrows
 Wit' de prairie-breaker plow.
 "Get along, you lazy houn',
 Ain' good for anyt'ing"—
 Dat's de happy farmaire man
 W'en plowin' on de Spring.

Eet's fonny, on dis beeg ol' worl'—
 P'rapp' you have notice too—
 How oder man have got de job
 Would jus' have suited you:
 An' wile you work from morn to night
 An' can't put not'ing pas,
 Dat oder man wit' easy snap
 Ees makin' monee fas'.

Cheer up! Cheer up!
 Don' be feelin' blue,
 Mebee plaintee oder man
 Ees wishin' he was you.
 Even happy farmaire man
 Ees sometam feelin' tire,
 Wit' all de many kin' of job
 De farmeen life require.

I ain' ver' mooche on de travelle, me,
 But w'en I go travelle—yes, Siree,
 I lak to be feel dat I'm goin' fas'
 An' see all dat mile-board whizzin' pas'
 An' w'en you go shootin' aroun' some
 curve,
 Dat's mos' always makin' you lose
 your nerve;
 But dere's nevaire no danger of gettin'
 de scare,
 W'en you go to Slocan on de passen-
 jaire.

But dat ain't no fault on ma fren' Josef
 For it's hees place to watch dat dere's
 nobody lef'
 W'en he's passin' along by some small
 sideen,
 Where mos' of de tam dere ees no-
 body seen.
 An' eet's nevaire no mattaire how long
 you are wait,
 He always have smile when he tak' in
 your freight,
 An' eet's almos' a plaisir to geev
 heem your fare—
 Conductor Bradshaw on de passen-
 jaire.

CONDUCTOR BRADSHAW

Dere's chouf, chouf, chouf, all along
 de rail,
 W'en I'm waitin' here wit' my butter-
 milk pail,
 An' de train come long on de upward
 grade,
 An' she's mebee about two hour de-
 layed,
 You can hear dat whistle aroun' de
 ben',
 You can see beeg smoke wat de en-
 gine sen'
 In beeg black cloud, 'way h'up on de
 h'air,
 W'en she's mad, pullin' freight wit' de
 passenjaire.

Dat's long, long tam I ben waitin' here
 An' nobody nevaire been comin' near;
 An' I got plaintee tam since I lef' my
 home
 For manufacture some beeg long poem
 But de beeg box car, she ees hard to
 poule,
 An' dat passenjaire car's mos' al-
 ways foul,
 An' you ought to be hearin' dat feller
 swear—
 Conductor Bradshaw on de passenjaire

Creakin' along by de reever bank,
 An' de ol' train stop at de water tank,
 So I got plaintee tam 'till she comes
 along
 For put some more verse on ma leetle
 chanson;
 An' I lak, w'en I travelle for go some
 place,
 To see dat conductor, hees pleasant
 face,
 For you always come safe w'en you go
 somew're,
 Wit' Conductor Bradshaw, on de pas-
 senjaire.

So de mos' I can hope for you, genial
 Joe—
 De prince of good fellers down here
 below—
 Is w'en it come tam for to pass in
 your cheques,
 An' you're gettin' promotion from dis
 worl' to nex',
 Dat le bon Dieu will min' w'en he's
 wantin' good man,
 How you ran between Nelson an' town
 of Slocan;
 An' hees kip you good place w'en you
 go up dere,
 An' geev you de run on de passen-
 jaire.

POEMS IN THE PATOIS

IN POTATO DIGGING TIME

O, dis lovely kin' of wedder, she is wat
you call ze daisee,
More nicer tam, I'm tinkin', I don'
nevalr see at all;
W'en dere ain' no small mós-kee-toe on
de night to drive you crazee,
An' you don' be feel lak leev on
h'ice dese days upon de Fall,
Dis ees tam dat ceety feller hees been
comin' on de contree,
Go feeshin' an go hontin' evree place
dat hees allow;
But jus' now de contree feller, hees
been fillin' h'up de cellar
An' peekin' up de pomme de terre
along behin' de plow.

Dere ain' no use on talkin', but de
contree life's de bettaire,
More helty place for leevin' I don'
t'ink you nevalr fin'-
Eef you work lak farmeen feller an'
kip at it to de letter.
An' nevalr let de mos' your work go
droppin' all behin',
Dis ain' no tam for feeshin' an' no
mattair how you're wantin'
For takin' leetle lay-off for some
plaisair, anyhow,
You can't be goin' hontin' on de reev-
er, on de montaine,
When you're peekin' up de pomme
de terre along behin' de plow.

Dere ees lots de man wat's poet have
hees leetle chanson ready,
Always singin' leetle somet'ing on
de Sommair, on de Spring
An' de Fall, w'en leaf ees fallin'—hees
be kippin' at eet steady,
Till you t'ink he don' be havin' not-
ing lef' at all to sing.
Dat ees not de way wit' farmaire—he
ees glad to come out even
An' de song dat hees been singin'
ain' of small bird on de bough;
But de tankfulness hees geevin', for
de plaisirment of leevin'
To be peekin' up de pomme de terre,
along behin' de plow.

You see whole lot of Nature on de
contree w'en you're stayin',
Eef you're goin' leetle somew'ere lak
de ceety feller do,
But de contree man, I t'ink me, don'
be got mooth tam for playin',
Cause dere's always job dat's waitin'
w'en you tink you're nearly troo.

So I'm tol' you ceety feller, eef you're
wantin' leetle farmeen,
Den you want to hoke de potate till
de sweat ees on your brow;
Dat's de work for mak' you healt'y;
s'pose eet's nevalr mak' you
wealt'y,
W'en you're peekin' up de pomme
de terre, along behin' de plow.

DE CANADAW MAN.

W'en Royalty's comin' on Canadaw
We're makin' de beeg hooray;
We're wavin' dat flag as nevalr you
saw
An' de nice musique, she is play;
For son of de keeng—he is veesit wit'
h'us
An' we treat heem de well we can,
An' feller wat don' be makin' beeg
fuss
Dat's not de Canadaw man.

De keeng, hees say to le Dauphin too;
"You're goin' on un grande toure,
Go plaintee de place I am tol' to you
An' seein' whole lot for sure;
But w'en you are travel on no mattair
w'ere
An' kip to de govement plan,
You don' fin' no feller dat's treatin'
you square,
So mooth as dat Canadaw man.

"I'm pass on hees contree—dat's long
tam ago—
But I'm nevalr forgettin' how,
For Madame, ma mudder, she's tellin'
me so,
De way I am tol' you now;
An' I'm tinkin' wil' Injun he's dere
whole lot,
For leev on de whole de lan',
But dere's Frenchman, an' Hinglish
Hirish an' Scot—
Dat's makin' de Canadaw man.

An' mos' dat feller hees all agree,
Eef only you geev heem chance,
But wit' Breetish, eet's always 'De Ol'
Contree,
An' wit' Frenchman eet's La Belle
France.
An' dat's fonnies' ting you are comin'
across,
Eets bettair you understan',
He's always de English an' French-
man, Ba gos'!
All de same he's de Canadaw man."

So le Duc he ees comin' on Canadaw,
An' we're cheerin' whole lot encore,
I'm certaine our t'roat, she is all got
raw,

Eef we geey leetle "Veev" some
more;

But eet's not evree day dat de Royal
ty's met,

So we're doin' de bes' we can,
An' s'pose anybody is run out of breat'
Dat's not de Canadaw man.

Written upon the visit of the Duke
and Duchess of Cornwall and York to
Canada.

BACK ON DE KOOTENEE

I don' want to be de poet

For sing on de whole de lan',
For dere's plaintee de place I nevaira
see,

An' dere's more where I nevair expec'
to be,

But I sing you about ma own contree.
Kebec? Non, non—

Dat ees not for me,
But 'way out Wes' on de Kootenee,
On place w'at dey call Slocan.

You're gettin' beside de reever

An' you travelle de heels along,
You're seein' de fines' scenery dere
Dat ever you're seein' it anywhere,
Great beeg montaine 'way h'up in de
air,

Ontario? Non—

Dat ees not for me,
But 'way out Wes' on de Kootenee
On contree where I belong.

Dat's not where you fin' large ceety
Wit' fac'tree for workin' man
Not lak Kebec an' Montreal—
Not lak dose places at all, at all.
Mebee our towns dey're somewhat
small,

But you'll fin' By Gos!

Eef you go an' see
Dey don' starve peop on de Kootenee
An' place w'at ees call Slocan.

You t'ink dat feller he's wealt'y,
W'at look lak he's awful poor,
For when you spik heem an' say
"Ejour,"

W'at do you t'lak he will say for true?
"I got de fine claim I will show to you,
Sall heem? Non, non.

Dat ees not for me.
I don' sall bes' claim on de Kootenee,
Less dan honder t'ousand sure."

W'at ees dat you're sayin'?
I'm talkin' de foolish—me,
Don' know w'at I'm spikin' about?

Usia' too mooche on de face an' mout'?
Bes' t'ing for you is jus' go out—

Alberta? Non, non,

Dat's fine contree, Oui,
But 'way out Wes' on de Kootenee,
Dat's place dat you ought to see.

Great beeg montaine, I'm tote you,
Wat's cuttin' de hole in de sky,
An' all of de top she's cover wit' snow
So hottes' of Summer won't mak' her
go,
An' w'at you call glacier up dere also,
We don' tak' no back seat—

No, Siree.

An' w'en you are come on de Kootenee
You don' be passin' eet by.

O, yas, dere ees some grande poet
Wat's writin' some ver' fine poem
All about contree he t'ink so fine,
W'ere de sky's always blue an' de
bright sun shine,
But I don' t'ink dat contree ees bet'-
taire dan mine,

Manitoba? Non, non,

Dat ees flat prairie,
An' you bettair pass on to de Kootenee
An' see w'at I call ma home.

But eet ain't all great beeg montaine,
For dere's valley also, ma frien',
An' dat's w'ere you're findin' de beeg
sawmeel,
W'at's cuttin' beeg tree dat grow on de
heel,

An' eef I'm wise feller I stay dere steel
But I'm sayin' "Non, non,"

Eet's de change for me.
An' dat's why I'm leavin' de Kootenee,
But I'm going back dere again.

Mebee, w'en I'm ol' feller
Wit' plaintee de cash put by
I mak' up my min' to travelle back
An' have nice home by de side de lak'
Fine gardeen, an' l'il log shack,

An' I say, "Non, non,

No place for me.
But hontin' an' feeshin' on Kootenee,
An' stayin' dere till I die."

An' den' w'en de cloud ees hangin'
Down on de pine tree low,
An' eet's rainin' h'up dere on de mon-
taine side,
So de pa'tridge under de bushes hide,
An' evreet'ing's wet whole contree
wide,

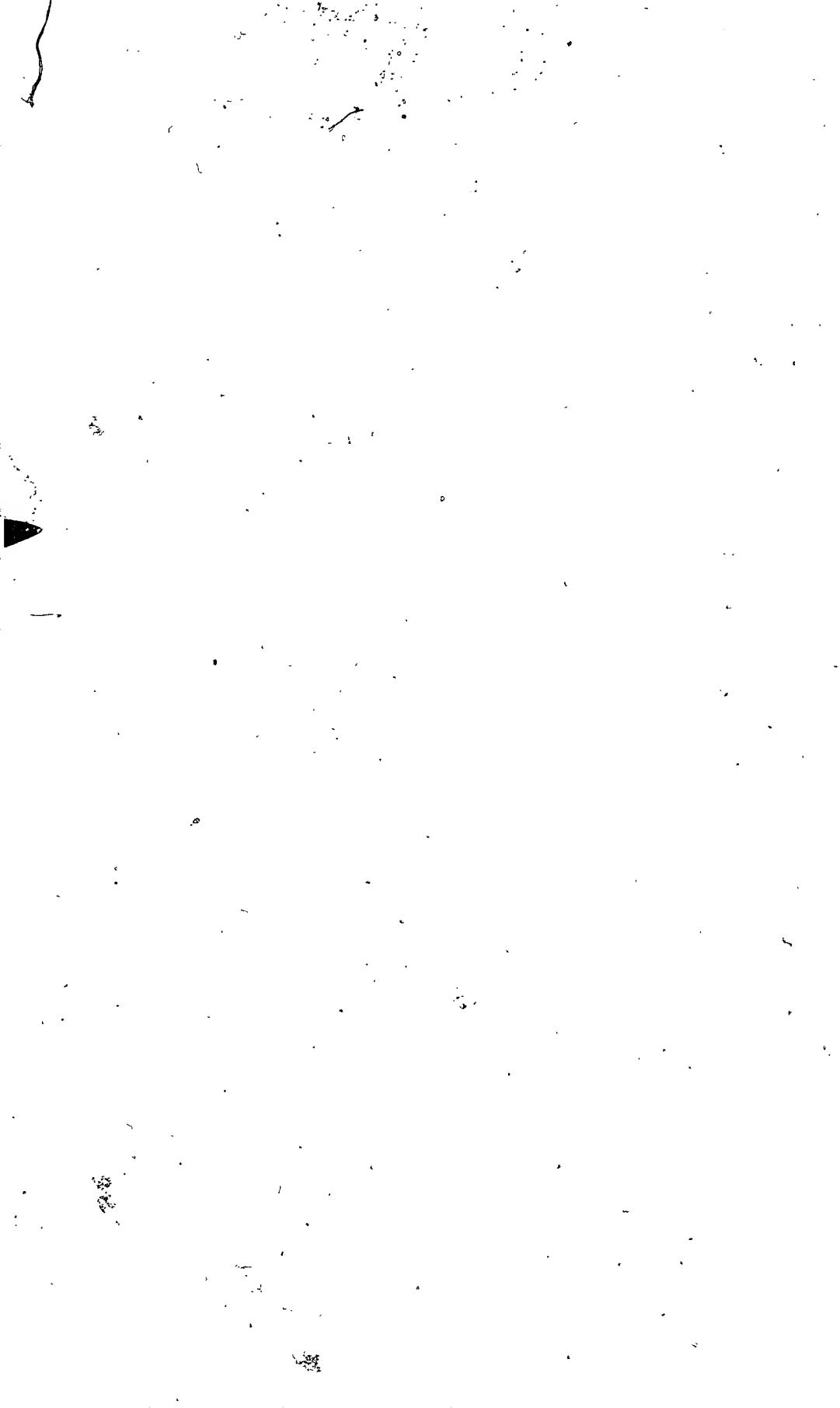
Some day ees come,

Dat call for me,
An' I have to be leavin' de Kootenee
W'en I'm gettin' de call to go.

Nov. 14th, 1907.



LILTS IN THE DORIC



*Just a level field of wheat
Is all there has to be;
And little old Canada
Looks good enough to me.*

(Page 25)





Lilts in the Doric

THE GUID BRAID DORIC

The Doric i' the deid-thraws? Na, na, na,

The Doric i' the deid-thraws name.
For we'll cling wi' siccar grip, an' we
winna lat it slip,
'Till oor hert lies as heavy as a

stane;
'Till oor bluid flows as drumly as the
water in a bog,

An' we ha'en'a got the spirit o' a
louse,
Then—an' no' till then—we'll drop it,
an' ye canna mak' us stop it,

An' ye'll hear us crawin' crouse;
O, the Doric i' the deid-thraws? Na,
na, na.

We winna lat it dee sae sair.
It has lasted a thousand o' years I
trow,
An' 'twill last for a currant sair.

Still breaks the sun owre Scotland's
hills,

As it has done for ages,
An' men lo'e yet the land men lo'ed
In History's earliest pages.
An' still men speak in the guid braid

Scots,
As a language maist historic,
For say what they wull o' the mither-
tongue,
We cling tae the auld-time Doric.

It's a' in the way ye haud yer mooth;
It's a' in the way ye say it.
Gin ye dinna fancy the auld-time
speech,

Why, then, ye needna' ha'e it.
Bit we'd lose a hantle in losin' the
tongue,
Gin we hadn'a the grace tae save it,
For a Scotsman clings tae the sangs
o' Burns,
As weel as the psalms o' Davit.

O, what wad become o' the best we
claim

O' Scotland's sang an' story,
Gin Maggie Lauder wes bit a name,
An' we hadna' Annie Laurie;
Gin the Laird o' Cockpen sae prood an'
great,

Had naethin' tae mak' him famous,
Then the fact that we'd tint sae mony
auld freen's,
Wad be surely eneuch tae shame us.

O, what wad we care for Sir John
Graeme,

Gin it wesna' for Barbara Allen,
An' the peck o' maut that Wullie
brewed

Wad be worth nae mair by the gal-
lon.

An' wha the de'il could be dowie an'
wae

Gin it wesna' for Lucy's Flittin',
Gin the sweet auld sangs o' the mith-
erland

Had ne'er by Scots been written?

There wes a lad wes born in Kyle,
An' he kent the value brawly,
O' a' the scraps an' screeds o' sang
Thet mony thocht bit folly.

He gathered them in, an' leuked them
owre

And whan they were fairly clouted,
He made us sae prood o' the auld
mither-tongue,
Thet ever since then we've shouted:

O' the Doric i' the deid-thraws? Na,
na, na,

The Doric i' the deid-thraws name,
For we'll cling wi' siccar grip, an' we
winna lat it slip
'Till oor hert lies as heavy as a stane;

LILTS IN THE DORIC

'Till oor bluid flows as drumly as the water in a bog,
 An' we ha'ena got the spirit o' a louse,
 Then—an' no 'till then—we'll drop it, an' ye canna mak' us stop it,
 An' ye'll hear us crawin' crouse;
 O, the Doric i' the deid-thraws? Na, na, na,
 We winna lat it dee sae sair.
 It has lasted a thousand o' years I trow,
 An' 'twill last for a currain mair.

Mony the kindly brither Scot,
 Whas een wull brichten rarely,
 Whan he hears the soun' o' the hamely tongue,
 For years he's missed sae sairly.
 We're far awa' frae the mitherland
 Bit aft as we're met together,
 Oor minds gae back tae the snaw-clad peaks,
 An' the land o' the purple heather.

August, 1908.

A SANG O' ST. ANDRA'S NICHT

Guid Brither Scots, whaure'er ye be,
 We gie ye greetin' a'
 Gin ye be snug wi' us the nicht,
 Or abilins far awa';
 Whaure'er ye be, we wush ye weel,
 An' walth o' happy thochts;
 An' may ye aye hae cause tae feel
 We're a' guid Brither Scots the nicht
 We're a' guid Brither Scots.

We're met tae spen' an hour or twa
 In social sang an' crack,
 'Till tae the days o' auld lang syne
 Oor minds gae skelpin' back.
 We'se toost the dear auld mither-land,
 We've tint tae min' her fau'ts
 An' blythely rax a freendly han'
 Tae a' guid Brither Scots, the nicht,
 Tae a' guid Brither Scots.

The thistle in oor Western land
 Wull bloom an' flower again,
 While patriot impulse stirs the hearts
 O' loyal Scottish men.
 For whan St. Andra's day comes roun'
 In Earth's remotest spots
 There springs a common unison,
 That binds us Scots tae Scots, the nicht,
 That binds us Scots tae Scots.

The same auld bluid is flowin' yet
 As whan in days agone,
 Oor martial sires for festive met,
 An' sat wi' braidswords drawn:
 An' bumpers quaffed wi' aye accord,
 An' cuist them freendly shots
 At aye another roun' the board,
 And hail'd them Brither Scots, the nicht,
 An' hail'd them Brither Scots.

We'se feel the auld bluid flowin' yet,
 We feel the self-same pride,
 That stirred oor faithers' hearts tae do,
 Whan they for freedom died;
 That frae the proodest castle ha'
 An' frae the humblest cots,
 Brocht forth alike the grit an' sma'
 Tae stan' as Brither Scots an fecht—
 Eneuch tae say—as Scots.

Sae, ance again, anither year
 Has winged it's lengthy flicht
 Since Scotsmen met wi' blythesome cheer
 On last St. Andra's nicht.
 An' ance again we pledge the land
 That's foremaist in oor thochts,
 An' aye while truth an' honor stand
 We're a' guid Brither Scots, the nicht,
 We're a' guid Brither Scots.

THE AE AULD LION O' BRITAIN

There is ae auld lion o' Britain,
 As fierce as fierce can be,
 An' he lies on his rocky heid-lan'
 An' leuks far oot tae sea.
 He leuks at the merchant navy
 Thet bobs on the white sea-faem,
 An' tak's a keek at the gunboats
 Guardin' his islan' hame.

The ae' auld lion o' Britain,
 He shuts his een a spell,
 An' a' the beasts o' the mainlan'.
 Set up a screech an' yell;
 The ae auld lion o' Britain
 He blinks his een a wee,
 An' a' o' the ither beasties
 Are guid as guid can be.

They weary the ae auld lion,
 An' fash him wi' their din.
 Bit they ken fu' weel whan he's sleepin',
 An' ken whan it's time tae rin;
 An' the Russian bear creeps backward
 Again tae its northern lair,
 An' the eagle o' France flaps lower
 Whan it sees thet the lion's there.

O, weel dae they ken the auld lion
 For weel has he gien them cause,
 An' weel dae they ken far better
 Than come in reach o' his paws.
 Maist feck o' the beasts o' the main-

land,
 Hae felt o' his fangs afore,
 Sae they'll roose na the ae auld lion
 Wha arena seekin' for war.

For the ae auld lion o' Britain
 As hist'ry aft can pruve,
 Is the heart o' a race united
 Tae stand by the land they luve,
 Tae stand by their King an' kintra,
 An' the richts that they ne'er sall
 tyne—
 The freedom oor faithers won for us
 In the days o' the auld lang syne.

Sae, here's tae the King—God bless
 him,
 As he sits aboon his throne,
 An' may the seat o' his royal breeks
 Lang polish the stane o' Scone.
 An' we'se drink tae the ae auld lion
 Until that oor cogies toom,
 An' whan faes wad win tae his islan'
 hame,
 They'll no get there 'till they soom.

Note—"The Ae Auld Lion" was composed at the time of the Dogger Banks incident.—R. T. A.

WE HUNKER DOON TAE NANE

Because we're prood o' Scotland
 The land frae whence we've sprung
 That's why we cling tae a' things
 Scots
 An' the dear auld mither tongue,
 Because there's somethin' in oor bluid
 Thet keeps us fidgin' fain,
 Tae hae it plainly understood
 We hunker doon tae nane.

Oor faithers focht for Scotland
 An' won her mickle fame;
 Oor mithers thocht for Scotland
 An' taught their sons the same.
 They taught us it wes nae disgrace
 Tae bear wi' poortit's pain,
 But tae leuk the hail warl' i' the face
 An' hunker doon tae nane.

The men wha faced the Romans
 Were dootless rough an' rude;
 They spilt alang the Roman wa's
 A deal o' Roman bluid.

They were Pict men in thaue auld days
 Whilk dootless wull explain.
 Why in the coarse bit hamely phrase,
 They'd hunker doon tae name.

Whan guid King Alexander
 The Third wes blythe an' hale,
 Whan a' his loyal liegemen
 Were clad in sarks o' mail,
 Wha wes it bit King Haco
 Cam' sailin' owre the main?
 An' wha bit Scotsmen taught him
 They'd hunker doon tae name.

Whan guid King Alexander
 Wes deid an' in his grave,
 Wha wes it bit the Englishers
 Wad mak' a Scot a slave?
 Wha bit the knicht o' Ellerslie
 That rose in high disdain,
 An' wat his blade in English bluid
 An' hunker'd doon tae name?

An' whan the heid o' Wallace fell
 Beneath the heidsman's blow,
 'Twas Bruce that led his Carrick
 spears
 Against the Southron foe,
 An' whan the second Edward tried
 His father's grip tae gain
 'Twas Bannockburn that proved the
 Scots
 Wad hunker doon tae name.

Whan Douglas fell at Otterburn
 Tae Sinclair brave, he said:
 "Thank God, there's few o' Douglas
 bluid
 Hae died wi'in their bed;
 Raise up my banner. Shout my name
 Lat name ken that I'm slain,"
 Sae even whan the Douglas fell
 He hunkered doon tae name.

An' Flodden, bluidy Flodden,
 Whaur dyin' hard they fell,
 The pride o' Bonnie Scotland
 And England's best as well.
 The ground wes heaped wi' carnage
 An' bluid-soaked wes the plain.
 Bit tae the last the Scotsmen still
 Wad hunker doon tae name.

An' auld John Knox, the fearless,
 Thet spak' his mind sae loud,
 He said the same in Hôlyrood
 He preached afore the crood.
 An' Jennie Geddes didna' fling
 Her cutty stool in vain,
 'Twas juist her way o' tellin' folk
 She'd hunker doon tae name.

LILTS IN THE DORIC

Sae, Brither Scots o' Edmonton,
This nicht assembled here,
'Tis somethin' mair than boast an'
brag
Gars us haud Scotland dear,
An' whan we're met for sang an'
crack.
Tae mak' this nicht oor ain,
For a rousin' roarin' real guid time
We hunker doon tae name.

Edmonton, Sept. 21st, '07.

THE STRAIN O' SCOTS

There's naethin' like the clasp o' a
guid Scot's hand,
Tae a Scot whan he's far awa',
Far frae the dear auld mitherland,
An' hame an' fren's an' a'.
Tho' the han' that grasps yer hand
be hard
An' scarr'd wi' years o' toll,
'Tis the grasp that speaks o' oor warm
regard
For the things o' Scottish soil.

There's naethin' like the sicht o' a
guid Scot's face,
Tho' harsh in ilka line,
For Honor there has left its trace
An' Truth has made its sign.
'Tis a face the world can a'ways trust
An' gie respect at maist,
For hoovever sudden ill-fortune's thrust
It aye was bravely faced.

There's naethin' like the soun' o' the
guid Scot's tongue
As it fa's on a Scottish ear,
For whaursoe'er it be spoke or sung,
It has its memories dear.
Mem'ries that ca' tae the exiles hert
Frae oot his native glen,
Till fierce an' sudden the tear wull
start,
Ye canna haud it ben.

There's naethin' like the lilt o' an
auld Scots sang
Tae cheer ye whan ye're wae
Tae bring back the days that are fled
sae lang
As it were bit yesterday,
Thae sangs that yer mither used tae
croon
As she dandled ye on her knee;
O, there's naethin' the auld Scots sangs
aboond,
Tae mak' yer bluid flow free.

There's naethin' like a strain o' the
guid Scots bluid.
Juist tak' it thro' an' thro'
Tae keep ye aye in a cheerie mood
An' mak' yer hert beat true.
Tae haud ye aye tae the ways o' God
As weel's the ways o' men;
Tae gie ye strength in life tae plod
Alang tae the journey's en'.

Thank God, my lads, for the auld
Scots strain,
Thank God ye are Scottish born,
For the stream that courses in ilka
vein
Is bluid that name can scorn.
Heroes an' martyrs deid lang syne,
Gave o' thet bluid tae flow,
Thet Scotlan' honor nicht never tyne,
Or cringe tae a foreign foe.

Sae here's again tae the dear auld
land,
Oor forbears lo'ed sae dear—
St. Andra's nicht, lat us rax a hand
Tae Scotsmen far an' near;
For the sake o' the bluid in a' oor
veins
An' the land o' a common thocht;
An' may name gae back while life re-
 mains,
On the honest name o' a Scot.

Here's tae ye a', guid luck attend
An' poortith ne'er assail ye,
An' suld ye ever need a friend
May Scotsmen never fail ye.

FICKLE FORTUNE

O, Fortune is an idle jaud,
Wha joys in freen's removal,
An' lightiles mony a callant braw
Wha seeks for her approval.
An' mony an ane she beams upon
An' hauds him high in favor,
An' whiles she wales the dour auld
carle
An' whiles she wales the shaver.

At ither times wi' sudden freak,
Men's puir estates she withers;
Retak's the gifts she made tae them
An' mak's them owre tae ither.
An' whiles she lats men struggle sair
An' win their bread wi' sweatin';
An' ither—no the least bit fash—
Atten's them in the gettin'.

An' ithers gang the hale warl' roun'
 Tae win her smile they seek her,
 An' ithers live their lives at hame
 An' juist as weel bespeak her.
 Sae men wl' rowth o' warldy gear
 Wi' men thet may be poorer,
 Maun aye be courtin' fortune here
 Tae mak' their incomes surer.

O, Fortune is a paughty jaud,
 As human lives hae shawn her,
 An' thousands hasten tae applaud
 The anes she deigns tae honor.
 O, wad tae me thet smile she'd gie
 Whilk proves her chief attraction,
 I'd write a bit o' poesie,
 Wad gie her satisfaction.

LIFE'S LEADERS

The sodgers o' oor lord the King
 Are claes an' glitterin' gear,
 At hert they are bit common men,
 Susceptible tae fear.
 Bit gie them leaders in the charge,
 Wha's herts are stout an' brave.
 An' naethin' serves tae haud them
 back,
 On this side o' the grave.

E'en silly sheep thet wanderin' feed,
 By day across the muir;
 G'e them a leader at their heid
 An' they gae on secure.
 It maitters whatna ways they gang,
 They live bit juist tae eat
 The road may be an unco ane,
 Bit aye the grass is sweet.

As we gae daunderin' on in life,
 Up hill an' doon the dells,
 Were often like the silly sheep
 Thet think bit for themsel's;
 We tak' for leader in oor view
 An' aim wi' selfish trend,
 An' aye a purpose we pursue
 Thet leads tae what an end.

For some Ambition leads the way—
 A strivin' tae be great—
 Tae press aboon their fellow-men
 An' feel the pride o' state.
 They carena' what the means they use
 Their purpose tae attain,
 Nor reck they o' the herts they bruise
 Or they thet dwell in pain.

An' Pleasure ca's aloud tae some
 Tae seek her gardens gay,
 Tae while in wanton idleness
 The lang, lang hours o' day;

An' oh, the days are slowly drawn,
 Tae those in Pleasure's court,
 Bit whan life's latter days come on,
 How brief is life—how short!

Revenge, thet grim an' darksome chief
 Has aye a countless throng
 O' thae thet dwell amidst belief
 In real or fancied wrong:
 Wha feel a sullen sense o' joy
 Tae see their brithers fa',
 An' wl' their failures wad destroy
 The happiness o' a'.

An' some, they say Religion ca's
 In fast an' prayer tae spen'
 Their lives in holy monkish wa'
 An' dwell apart frae men.
 Bit a' ways 'tis some motive power
 A leader as it were—
 That leads us on frae hour tae hour,
 In joy or in despair.

G'e us a leader, then, in life
 On whom we can rely.
 An' like oor sodgers in the strife
 We'll follow till we die.
 An' what lifts man sae far aboon
 The brute beasts o' the fiel'
 His power tae think o' ithers is,
 An' sympathize as weel.

Lat not Ambition lead alane
 Nor Pleasure haud ye fast;
 Revenge, a monster, on his ain
 Is boun' tae turn at last,
 An' thinkna' thet Religion ca's
 Thet ye this life resign,
 For man a social being is
 Tae dwell amang his kin'.

Bit mix wl' ithers on Life's way,
 For there her saints hae trod,
 Tak' sweet an' bitter wi' the lave
 An' mak' yer leader: God.
 An' strive thet aye yer formait plan
 Yer aim in life maun be;
 Deal kindly wl' yer fellow-man
 Sae God soll deal wl' ye.

THE BATTLE O' THE BASS

During the year 1490 five vessels from England entered the Firth of Forth, and plunder'd a number of vessels belonging to the Scots and their Flemish allies. Enraged at this aggression on the part of the English, King James IV. despatched against them two ships, well armed and man-

LILTS IN THE DORIC

ned, and commanded by the gallant sailor-knight, Sir Andrew Wood, of Largo.

Wood met the English ships off Dunbar, at the mouth of the Forth, and after a sanguinary and obstinate battle, entirely defeated them, and the five vessels were all brought safely into Leith.

When Henry VII. of England received word of this signal defeat he was deeply mortified at the humiliation of his flag by a power then little known in the annals of maritime warfare. A reward of One Thousand Pounds Sterling yearly was offered to any one who would effect the capture of Sir Andrew Wood.

With the intention of winning this reward, an English officer called Sir Stephen Bull, sailed from the Thames, having under his command three of the best vessels then to be had in England. On the 10th of August he met two ships off the Bass Rock, and I have endeavored to portray as faithfully as possible in the following poem the encounter that then took place.

This is the sang o' the fecht that wes focht

Ootside o' the Rock o' Bass,
Whan the sun cam' up on a Simmer's morn,

An' the sea lay smooth as glass,
An' Scottish folk beheld frae the land
Whaur Scotsmen focht at sea—
Twa stout ships frae the shores o' Fife
Weel met wi' English three.

Up alang by oor Scottish firth
Cam' ships o' the English sail,
An' whaur is the stout Sir Andra Wood,

Thet has weather'd sae mony a gale.
Thet has met the Englishers twa tae five.

An' brochten their ships tae shore,
Whaur is the knecht o' Largo the noo,
Whan men come seekin' for war?

The English ships gaed into the firth,
An' there they sailed by the land,
An' they teuk the best o' the herrin' boats,

As ever they cam' tae hand.
An' they challenged the men o' the Eastern coast
Tae come on the waves an' fecht;
An' there they wad pruve them their English boast,
That theirs wes the sea by richt.

An' there as they sailed by the Lothian shore,

The lookouts passed the word
That twa Scots ships bore intae the land,

An' oh! It wes blythely heard,
A gladsome man was Sir Stephen Bull
An' he said'tae his seamen there:
"At last we are met wi' Sir Andrew

Wood,
And we'll give him the word we bear.

"Broach us casks o' the good red wine,
And see that it freely flows,
For we shall sweep from the Northern sea

The last of the Scottish foes.
Fling out the flag of the blood-red cross,

For wherever that flag shall fly—
There shall Englishmen strive for the best,
Or there can Englishmen die.

"Men o' the land o' the sturdy oak,
Whose wood is laid in our keels—
Show in the way that ye fight to-day
The way that an Englishman feels.
England, England wherever we sail
And England, whatever we do.
Strike for the land of the dales and downs,

And show that your hearts are true.

Back again frae the Flemish coast
Cam' the ships o' Sir Andra Wood,
An' there ootside o' the Rock o' Bass
He met wi' a welcome rude.
There lay ships o' the English line,
Flaunting the cross o' red.
An' an angry man wes Sir Andra Wood
An' angry the words he said:

"Here, my lads, are the English faes,
Thet are here wi' a purpose stout,
Tae tak' us in bonds tae the English king,
(Whilk wad put us mickle aboot)
Bit, by the God o' Peace an' o' war,
Wi' the courage that ye sail shaw,
We'll gie them sae mickle o' dauds,
the day,
They salna' get hail awa'.

"Stan' by the guns, my merrie men a',
An' ha'e the cross-bows drawn.
Ha'e the lime-pots up tae the taps, my lads,
An' yer twa-hand swords pit on.

"For we sall ha'e fechtin' eneuch, the
day;

An' bluid sall be rinnin' free.
Strike for the honor o' Scotlan', lads,
An' a guid account we sall gie."

"Ye fecht, my lads, for oor noble king
An' yer wives an' bairns at hame.
See that ye gl'e for them, ilka ane,
The last heart's-bluid ye claim.
Gar the Englishers trow, my lads,
Thet a fechtin' race are we."
An' ilka man sware tae his neighbor
there,
Frae Southron ne'er tae flee.

Stoutly they ran on the English ships
Whaur fierce were the foemen met,
An' the sun crept up tae the lift aboon
An' he shone oot blythe an' het,
He shone oot owre the sparklin' main
Thro' the quiverin' Simmer air,
An' a' thet day on the bluid-soaked
decks,
The strokes were heavy an' sair.

A' thet day in the swelterin' sun,
On the slipp'ry decks they focht,
An' a' thet day thro' the waves o' heat
The soun's tae the shore were
brocht,
Whaur Scottish men beheld frae the
land,
Whaur Scotsmen focht at sea.
Twa o' the ships o' the shores o' Fife,
Weel met wi' English three.

A' thet day the braidswords clashed
An' men fell thick an' fast,
An' shrieks an' groans were mingled, I
ween,
Wi' shouts whaur the foemen passed,
A' thro' the heat o' the Simmer hours,
The arrows fell like rain,
An' the culverins belched their clouds
o' smoke
Owre the mangled heaps o' slain.

An' the sun gaed doon owre the Sim-
mer sea,
An' the mirk at last cam' on,
An' the faes drew back like snarlin'
tykes,
Tae wait for the glint o' dawn;
An' the sun cam' up on anither day,
An' they closed, an' they focht ance
mair—
Lang they strove thro' the Simmer
hours,
An' the strokes were heavy an' sair.

Bit wha can fecht, like the men wha
fecht

In defence o' their hearths an'
hames?
What can inspire like the love o'
land,

The hearts o' the men it claims
Sae at last, whan Sir Stephen wes
prisoner ta'en,
He spak' tae his remnant few,
An' they struck tae the flag o' the auld
white cross,
Thet floats on its field o' blue.

They teuk them in tae the port o' Dun-
dee,

An' tis said 'thet oor guid King
James,
Wes pleased tae sen' the Southrons
home,

Tae whommle these words i' their
wames.

"Gif ye ever come back tae oor Scot-
ish seas,
Tae harry oor coasts sae sair,
Ye can tell yer King hoo the Scots can
fecht,
An' we'll gie ye a trifle mair.

Sae that is the sang o' the fecht that
wes focht

Outside o' the Rock o' Bass;
And we pray that the days o' the bluid-
het feud,

May never mair come to pass.
An' sin' we hae traivell'd as brithers-
in-arms,

The gist o' oor hist'ry tells
How the Scots an' the English can gie
tae their faes
What they used tae keep for them-
sel's.

ST. ANDREW, AN' SCOTLAND FOREVER

When the hearts o' brave Scotsmen
the highest were beating,

And the war pipes were sounding
o'er hill an' o'er glen,

The name of the saint that all lips
were repeating

Was St. Andrew, the patron of true
Scottish men.

God and St. Andrew for Scotland,
And the men that would fight for auld
Scotland,

And the men that would die for auld
Scotland.

Sound it together again.

LILTS IN THE DORIC

When the lads out of Scotland were gallantly marching,
 Perhaps to come back to their country no more;
 When war-steeds, their proud heads were vauntily arching,
 And shook, in the wind, the brave pennants of war,
 'Twas God and St. Andrew for Scotland,
 And the faith that was foremost in Scotland,
 And the hopes of their country of Scotland,
 And the cause they were venturing for.

When the broadswords of Scotland in battle were flashing,
 And lads in the tartan lay low on the plain,
 Above all the tumult, where foemen were slashing,
 Rose high the wild slogan, nor sounded in vain.
 St. Andrew, St. Andrew for Scotland—
 God and St. Andrew for Scotland,
 And the swords that are foremost for Scotland,
 And the men that are "second tae name."

When the war-lords of Europe their armies had mustered,
 And empires were crushed, and built up in a day—
 Then what did those princes who bullied and blustered,
 But sent for the broadswords to join in the fray.
 They sent for the broadswords of Scotland,
 The gallant blue bonnets of Scotland
 And the sons of St. Andrew and Scotland
 Had glory, and plunder and pay.

And oft when the foes made their fiercest endeavor,
 And troopers despairing were fleeing the field,
 The cry of "St Andrew and Scotland Forever,"
 Show'd the lads to the rescue, who never would yield.
 The lads from the hills of auld Scotland—
 Frae the mist-shrouded mountains of Scotland—
 Who wore the white cross of auld Scotland,
 On either the breast or the shield.

So now, when as Scotsmen we're met here together,
 To speak once again of the days that are gone,
 We'll fill up a glass to the land of the heather—
 That the bones of the good Saint are buried upon,
 Come fill up a cogle to Scotland,
 And the leal, honest hearts of auld Scotland,
 The lads and the lasses of Scotland,
 And we'll wait for the blink of the dawn.

THE LASS FORLORN

Noo blaw ye winds a heavy gale
 Across the heavin' sea.
 Blaw swift an' strang, an waft alang
 My true luve back tae me.
 The wind blew swift, the wind blew strang,
 The wind blew owre the sea,
 But never did that wild wind waft
 My true luve back tae me.

I leuk oot owre the Stornaught-heid
 Whaur sails are glitterin' far.
 There's mony a broon-sailed fishin'
 smack,
 An' white-wing'd ships o' war.
 God guide ilk ship upon its way
 Tae mony a distant bourne,
 Whaur mony a lass mair blythe than I
 Is waiting its return.

Oh, bit my heart wes gladsome then,
 Oh, bit my sang wes gay
 The morn I walked wi' Colin oot
 Alang the windy brae.
 I mind fu' weel he press'd my hand
 As we gazed owre the main
 He sware that sune he wad return
 Tae claim me for his ain.

I mind my Colin's ilka word;
 His ilka leuk an' tone;
 I mind thet ere we pairtit then,
 His arm wes 'roun me thrown.
 He press'd the hair back frae my broo
 Tae kiss me ere he'd gang;
 He said: "Dear lass, bide true tae me,
 An' I'll win back ere lang."

His gallant ship pit oot tae sea,
 I watch'd it owre the wave.
 I tried tae still my throbbin' heart
 An' haud me stoot an' brave.



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LILTS IN THE DORIC

77

I kept my heart amang them a'
An' smil'd an' sang fu' gay,
Bit wat my pillow wes at nicht
Wi' tears I couldna' stay.

The Autumn cam' wi' cauld an' rain,
The Winter snaw an' sleet,
Bit ne'er I heard my Colin's fit
Come up the village street.
The gladsome Spring crept 'round
again
An' hope filled a' the land,
Bit ne'er I saw my true luve's boat
Sail inward tae the strand.

The Simmer cam', an' the Simmer
gaed
An' I watched wi' a tear-dimmed e'e.
The life gaed oot o' my heart at last.
It's a wearisome warl' tae me.
Folk leuk at me wi' a pityin' glance
For the gray hair's owre my broo.
I'm a frail auld body that sings tae the
sea,
Bit I'm waitin' for Colin the noo.

I ask the mariners o' ships
That come wi' tattered sail,
The query ever neist my heart—
Bit ilka time I fail.

They leuk wi' pity in my face
That is sae worn an' gray.
God kens—they dootless think me mad
Wi' mickle dool an' wae.

The wearie, wearie years ha'e come,
The wearie years ha'e gane;
I maun tae Heaven for comfort leuk,
For Earth can gie me name.
His Will be dune. 'Tis easily said,
Bit awfu' hard tae thole.
I lost my heart in the years agone,
His Mercy rest my soul.

Blaw, blaw ye winds a heavy gale
Across the heavin' sea.
Blaw swift an' strang an' waft alang
My ain true luve tae me.
The wind blaws swift the wind blaws
strang,
The wind blaws owre the faem,
Bit never brings that wearie wind
My sailor laddie hame.

Edmonton, March 25th, '09.

THE COVENANTERS

The years 1684 and 1685 were known as the "killing time" in Scotland, for it was during these years that the most fearful persecutions took place cf those who had banded themselves together in defence of the Covenant. Following close upon the Battle of Bothwell Brig, the terrible bloodshed had become greater and greater until in the years mentioned it appeared as if the intention of the military was by the sword to totally extinguish the cause of the people of the Conventicles simply for the worshippin of God in their own manner. Said the Duke of York: "There will never be peace in Scotland till the whole of the country south of the Forth be turned into a hunting-field."

In 1685, when Argyle was threatening a descent upon Scotland and the Duke of Monmouth was preparing an invasion of the West of England, the Privy Council of Scotland took the cruel precaution to arrest in the south and west of Scotland more than a hundred persons, men, women and children supposed to be dissatisfied with the existing government. These poor people, after being driven northward like a herd of cattle and with less consideration for their wants, were at last thrust into a subterranean dungeon in the castle of Dunotter, being lighted only by a single window overlooking the precipice which frowns upon the German Ocean. Subject to the brutal gibes of their guards, the poor people were refused even the indulgence of fresh drinking water unless they paid for it, and when at last they were unable to do so, their tormentors emptied the precious liquid upon the ground, saying that although they might be obliged to bring water to the canting Whigs they were not bound to supply the drinking vessels without remuneration.

For nearly an entire summer the wretched victims were kept penned up in the dungeon ankle-deep in mire, men and women together until the horrible effluvia of the place breeding disease, many of them died. This was only a small incident of the great man-hunt which was going on.

LILTS IN THE DORIC

Hundreds of the hill-people were toiling in the same gangs with negroes on the slave plantations of the West Indies. Thousands more were lurking in the fastnesses of the country, living in caves and dens, where they were hunted with blood-hounds by their relentless persecutors, and when seized were either shot down on the spot or dragged into the cities for torture or for execution.

Yet out of this awful period of misery and suffering the country at last emerged, triumphing over a persecution as terrible as the world has ever known. And how was the change brought about. Said the great Alexander Peden: "Only by prayer shall we win through," and truly it was the spirit of a people strong in the conviction of their faith which enabled them to weather the storm.

It is in memory of this noble band of men and women of our country that I have penned these lines, for it was to their unbroken and undaunted spirit that we owe our religious freedom of to-day.

For Christ's Crown and Covenant they
sought the lonely hill-sides,
Leaving home and hearth-side for
hunger, cold and fear.
The chill, damp cavern hid them—Ay,
and it still hides
The whitened bones of martyrs, where
only God is near.
The cold rain is falling, or the bleak
wind is blowing,
Or the sun blazes fierce upon the
stones.
But among the hills of Scotland where
the purple heather's growing
There lie the martyrs' bones.

Not alone the stalwart, whose hearts
were stoutly striving,
But tottering age, and womanhood,
and weakling children too.
"The Covenants, the Covenants shall
be the land's reviving;**
The Crown at last is waiting when
life itself is thro',
The way is hard to follow, and the
hate of man unfaltering,
And the blood of the Faithful ever
cries.
But the Love of God sustaineth, and
His Word remains unaltering,
And the truth of His promise never
dies.

Because of persecution, they met in
desert-places
Where God was ever present, but
men were far apart.

*Note.—James Guthrie's (minister of Stirling) last words to the people, as he stood, with the rope adjusted about his neck, upon the gallows' ladder: "The Covenants, the Covenants shall yet be Scotland's reviving."

And the clouds were on the mountains,
and the wind was in their faces,
And the Comforter had still'd the
aching heart.
The heart-formed petition, and the
psalm of praise arising;
The faith of a people driven hard;
The freedom of the conscience, which
is above all prizeing,
And the trust that was given them
to guard.

Oh, the lonely watching, and, Oh, the
hours of anguish;
Oh, the heart-yearnings as they wait-
ed in the hills,
Knowing that their own kind would
hale them in to languish
In the loathsome prison-house that
tortures as it kills:
Rack, boot and branding-iron, the
thumb-screw and the fetter—
The slow death lingering on the
way.
Oh, God, the human agony that looked
for nothing better
Than the swift sword ready for to
slay.

The sword of iniquity was gory at the
slaughter,
But the souls of the righteous from
earthly pain were freed.
The blood of the innocent flowed free-
ly as the water,
But unsated was the blood-thirst
and the greed.
On moors and dark morasses the dead
hill-folk are lying,
And the mist is on the mountain and
the glen;
And the peewep and the whaup they
are crying—ever crying
O'er the graves of murdered men.

THE RED SHANKS O' SCOTLAND

"On the death of James V., a clergyman named John Eldar, who, as he informs us himself, was a native of Caithness, and had studied for twelve years in the three Southern universities, retired into England and presented to Henry a project of union between the two Kingdoms which contained some curious notices of the manners of the Highlanders at this period. He thus explains the reason why they were called by the Lowlanders "Redshanks" and by the English "Rough-Footed Scots."

"Please it, your Majesty, to understand that we, of all people, can tolerate, suffer, and alway best with cold: for both Summer and Winter (except when the frost is most vehement) going always barelegged and barefooted, our delight and pleasure is not only in hunting of red deer, wolves, foxes, and grases, whereof we abound and have great plenty; but also in running, leaping, swimming, shooting and throwing of darts.

"Therefore in so much as we use and delight so to go always, the tender, delicate gentlemen of Scotland call us "Redshanks."

"And again in winter, when the frost is most vehement (as I have said) which we cannot suffer barefooted so well as snow, which can never hurt us when it comes to our girdles, we go a-hunting, and after that we have slain red deer; we flay off the skin by and by, and setting of our bare foot on the inside thereof, for want of cunning shoemakers, by your Grace's pardon, we play the cobblers, compassing and measuring so much thereof as shall reach up to our ankles; pricking the upper part thereof with holes, that the water may repass where it enters, and stretching it up with a strong thong of the same above our said ankles. So and please your noble grace we make our shoes.

"Therefore we, using such manner of shoes the rough, hairy side outward, in your Grace's dominion of England we be called "Rough-Footed Scots."

In MacKenzie's History of Scotland an account is given of a Scottish raid into England, and after the Scots had voluntarily deserted their camp it is stated that the English found there more than ten thousand pairs of old

shoes made of raw hides with the hair on the outside. It was this style of shoeing that got our ancestors the name of rough-footed Scots."

"Stanza 4.—Nowte or nolte, cattle.

Stanza 5.—"Halden fu' hardy, held. David Lindsay's "Squire Meldrum." "An that the morn we sail ken
The Scots are haldin', hardy men ."

In the auld fechtin' days o' auld Scotland,

Whan oor sires won their kintra renown,

Fu' aft they gaed oot owre the border

Tae fecht for their kintra an' croon,
An' their feet they were shod wi' the buskins,

The skins o' the red-deer supplied,
An' whan they were Sooth o' the Chev'lots,

'Twas then that the Englishers cried

"Beware o' the Redshanks o' Scotland
Beware o' the rough-footed Scots,
For there will be raidin' an' reivin',
An' there will be drivin' o' stots.

O guard weel the gear ye ha'e gathered,

An' haud tae the thing that's yer ain
An' thank God ye're safe in yer dwallin'

Gif only the rafters remain.

O, mony the lad in the Northland
Thet girded his sword tae his side,
Whan the red lowe leaped up in the beacons,

Tae warn a' tae mount an' tae ride.
Then he saddled his Gallowa' sheltie

An' teuk his allowance o' meal
An' he pit on his shoon o' the deer skin,

An' braced on his jack o' the steel.

An' 'twas Ho! for the Redshanks o' Scotland,

An' Hoich! for the rough-footed Scots,

The men frae the keeps on the borders,

The men frae the wee Hielan' cots
An' there will be nowte tae be driven

An' there will be men tae be slain,
Ere the Redshanks thet ride on the borders,

Will ride intae Scotland again.

LILTS IN THE DORIC

O, fierce were the feuds o' oor forbears,

Accusomed tae battle an' siege,
Whan they rade by their ain feudal barons,
Or stood by their sovereign an' liege.

An' the Scots, they were halden fu' hardy,

An' dauntless they were tae the core
An' the rough feet that trod on the bracken,

Ga'ed briskly, I wot, tae the war.

Sae 'twas, hoich! for the Redshanks o' Scotland,

'Neath either the breeks or the kil',
The shanks that wad seldom gae backward,

Frae whaur there wes bluid to be spilt,

An' the knees that were under the tartan

Wad bend not at Tyranny's nod,
Bit they bent in the glens an' the muirlands,

Whan under the guidance o' God.

For whan in the days of oppression,
Whan the land wes in darkness an' fear,

An' the feet o' the Lord's ain Anointed,

Were oot on the mountains sae drear,
The men that were true tae their conscience,

An' guarded the Covenant weel,
Had rough feet tae bear them thro'

hardship,
An' herts that tho' rough could be leal.

Sae we honor the Red-Shanks o' Scotland,

Thet oot on the hillsides sae bare,
Kept the gospel o' God tae the people

As free as their ain caller air.

An' we honor the mem'ries o' heroes,
Thet clung wi' sae siccar a grip,

Tae the braidswords that kept them their freedom,

An' the Truth that they couldna' let slip.

Those are the mem'ries we cherish
Cherish an' honor baith,

O' the men that died for their kintra
An' the men that died for their faith,

An' the heritage left by oor faithers
We shall guard frae a' slander an' plots;

An' hurrah! for the Redshanks o' Scotland

An' hurrah for the Rough-Footed Scots.

Feb. 11th, 1908.

YE TRUE SONS OF ENGLAND

Ye true sons of England, it's weel that I wot,

Ye ha'e mickle regard for the word o' a Scot,
Án' I rede ye maun tak' it for what it is worth,
That Scotlan' hersel' is the garden o' Earth.

Ye can tak' it or leave it wi' froon or wi' smile,

Hoo Scotlan' cam' Sooth yince tae bonnie Carlisle,
Bit doot or believe it aye juist as ye will,
The Scots an' the English will argue it still.

Yet still they were foemen thae Englishers a'

Weel worthy the steel that the Scots-men could draw,
An' a de'il o' a skelpin' the Scots aft hae got,
When alang on the borders they stubbornly focht.

They aye teuk their pals as they aye teuk their praise,
Thae hardy auld Scots in the auld fechtin' days,
An' noo since the Union the Thistle an' Rose,
Hae aye been a check tae the hail o' oor foes.

Ye true sons of England, it's weel that ye ken

We've an' unco regard for the true English men;
We've a mutual regard for what is and what was,
An' that gars oor Empire tae stand as it does.

An' noo oot abroad whaur oor Empire extends

The Scots an' the English will meet aye as friends—

The lads that are first in oor cities an' towns,

Frae the bens an' the glens, an' the dales an' the downs.

BURNS

We are met as Scotsmen an' brithers
 Tae honor the natal day
 O' aye wha wes born o' the people
 In a rude-built cottage o' clay.
 An' his mem'ry will last forever,
 As lang as a Scot remains
 Tae fill up a glass tae Scotland,
 Or lilt o' the minstrel's strains.

We are met in a land far distant,
 As sons o' auld Scotia still
 Tae crack o' the wee clay biggins
 At the fit o' the wind-swept hill;
 Tae crack o' the wavin' heather,
 An' the thistle aboon the knowe,
 An' the lad that wes prood o' Scotland
 As only a Scot kens how.

Oor language has been the richer
 Because that a lad wes born
 In the humble hame o' a cotter
 Thet mony prood heids micht scorn.
 Bit mony prood heids ha'e fallen
 Forgotten amidst decay,
 While the pleughman that lo'ed his
 Kintra
 Is lo'ed in the warld to-day.

Mony a famous minstrel
 Has voiced his love o' the North
 Since Ossian, Bard o' the Hielands
 Had shouted their praises forth:
 But never a bard o' Scotland
 Had won tae the nation's heart
 Until that an Ayrshire farmer
 Had practised the rhyming art.

Greater an' mair pretentious
 Were rhymes o' an earlier day,
 Whan scholars wrote in the Latin
 An' had a hantle tae say.
 Nae doot but the things they'd written
 Were unco polished an' braw,
 But scholars read them tae scholars—
 Read them an' put them awa'.

Nae doot bit auld George Buchanan
 Wrote things that were unco fine,
 Bit Scotland had been nae puirer
 Gif he hadn'a' written a line;
 An' (weel said auld David Lindsay,
 His words wull be ne'er forgot)
 Wha writes in the guid braid Scottice
 May reach the heart o' a Scot.

A lad o' the Carrick border,
 He kent what those words were
 worth,
 An' the sangs that he gave tae Scot-
 land

Ha'e reached tae the ends o' earth.
 He sang in words that were simple,
 An' he sang wi' a heart sincere,
 An' mair than the folk o' Scotland
 Ha'e cherished his mem'ry dear.

On the burning plains o' the Punjab,
 Whaur the fierce, hot sun leuks doon
 Fu' mony a Scottish sodger,
 Has dreamed o' his Northern toon.
 An' there as he thocht o' the hame-
 land
 Whaur ever the heart returns,
 His tongue had the hamely accent,
 As he murmured a sang frae Burns.

The sailor upon the ocean
 In the late dog-watch o' the nicht
 Pacing the deck o' his vessel
 Has felt that his heart grew licht
 As he whustled a tune o' Robin's
 Tho' but saut sea met his gaze,
 His heart wes back in auld Scotland
 On the slopes o' the heather-braes.

In the far Canadian backwoods,
 And oot on Australian "Runs,"
 The stalwart, sun-brooned settler
 Hewing a hame for his sons,
 Has tauld his young Colonials
 Fu' aft whan the day wes sped,
 "Remember, keep close tae Honor,
 For ye ken what oor Rab has said."

Mony an e'e has glistened,
 An' a tear stole doon on the cheek
 Whan a toil-worn exile listened
 As he heard a stranger speak,
 Using the speech o' the hameland,
 Hamely an' dear tae us a',
 Sayin', "Ay, it wes Burns that said it;
 It's as true as the gospel law."

They say that the Scots wull prosper
 Wi' ony nation or soil,
 That a Scot is never disheartened
 Frae being inured tae toil.
 Bit the fact is that whan discouraged,
 As haps tae the best o' men,
 He takes a keek into Robin,
 An' it fills him wi'hope again.

Burns was a son o' the people,
 Wi' faults that he ne'er denied,
 An' his heart was near unto Nature
 Tho' often he stept aside.
 He lo'ed a' the warl' aboot him
 Tho' it treated him cauld an' hard.
 An' that's why the men o' Scotland
 Are prood o' their National Bard.

LILTS IN THE DORIC

In Edmonton, oot in the West-land,
 The Scots that are met again,
 Wull fill up their cogies tae Scotland
 The land o' the hill an' glen.
 They'll number the Scottish worthies
 Thet ha'e been lang awa',
 Bit maist they'll speak o' a pleughman
 Thet wes the First o' them a'.

Edmonton, Jan. 23rd. '09.

SAY IT OOT

Gin ye've aucht ava tae say,
 Say it oot! Say it oot!
 There is naethin' in delay,
 Say it oot!
 Gin ye've ony thocht or plan
 Thet can help yer fellow-man,
 Ye suld voice it a' ye can—
 Say it oot.

Dinna keep yer talent hid,
 Say it oot! say it oot!
 Gin ye think that sae ye're bld,
 Say it oot!
 For a word in mony ways,
 Aft a weary hert can raise,
 An' ye'll a'ways fin' it pays,
 Tae say oot.

A' alang Life's dusty trail,
 Say it oot! Say it oot!
 For there's mony folk wha fail,
 Say it oot!
 For the need o' frien'ly han',
 Or a min' tae understan'
 A' the guid that lies in man—
 Say it oot!

Whiles this warl' is unco drear,
 Bit, say oot! say it oot!
 For a blythesome bit o' cheer,
 Tae say oot.
 Aften lichtens up the gloom,
 Fills a hert o' luve that's toom;
 Helps yersel' an' a' tae whom
 Ye speak oot.

There are mony folk wha sneer,
 Bit say oot! Say it oot!
 Wha haud nae religion dear,
 Say it oot!
 Bit their ae familiar creed
 Is a grapsin' sense o' greed,
 Haudin' captive hert an' heid—
 Say it oot.

Some there are wi' unco spel
 Wha sing oot! sing it oot!
 Lang eneuch tae shame the dell,
 Sing it oot.
 Sing o' jauds wha lightly luve
 An' wha's honor aucht can move
 Wha reproof can ne'er reprove
 Sing it oot!

Bit, gin ye've nocht ava
 Tae say oot, tae say oot,
 For the grit folk or the sma',
 Tae say oot!
 Save o' Bacchus an' his barrel,
 For ilk drouthy, drucken carle,
 Ye suld never in the warl,
 Say it oot.

OOR AIN IMMORTAL ROBIN

Beside the bonnie banks o' Ayr
 The ploughman lingered lang,
 An' Nature glowin' fresh an' fair
 Had waked his Muse tae sang.
 He sang o' Scotland's heathered hills
 And o' her sunny braes;
 He sang aboot her tinklin' rills
 And o' her woodland ways,
 An' though we've wandered far frae
 hame
 We canna', lads, forget the same.
 We'll ne'er forget oor bardie's name,
 Oor ain imortal Robin.

He longed for puir auld Scotland's
 sake
 Tae hit some blythesome lay,
 Thet a' her sons tae hert nicht tak',
 An' bear fu' mony a day,
 A sang that nicht be treasured up
 Tae speak for Scotland's weal,
 Thet whan they rais'd the foamin'
 cup,
 They a' nicht think an' feel.
 Then here's a hand, ma trusty fier,
 An' be we far, or be we near,
 We'll keep the memory ever dear
 O' Scotland an' her Robin.

Tho' born sae humble an' obscure
 He set his mind tae learn
 The verra things, thet bein' poor
 He could the maist discern,
 Thet not alane the rich an' great
 Could pleasure solely claim,
 For wealth can never compensate
 For humble joys o' hame.
 An honest man, tho' e'er sae poor
 If he haud honor fast an' sure,
 O why suld glitterin' gowd allure
 Said oor immortal Robin.

An' O, he dearly lo'ed tae be
 Amang the lassies there
 Whaur Door rins wimplin' tae the sea,
 Or by the banks o' Ayr,
 An' thus he phrased auld Nature's law
 Thet gars us passion feel:
 The greatest man the world e'er saw
 He lo'ed the lasses weel,
 An' ye sae dour that smile at this,
 Ye nedna tak' it sae amiss,
 There's maethin' like an honest kiss,
 Quo' blythe, big-hearted Robin.

His tender heart had kindly care
 For Nature's creature's a',
 The wee mouse in the fields sae bare,
 The hare beside the wa',
 The cowerin' sheep in Winter's blast,
 The wild fowl by the lake,
 He lo'ed them a' unto the last
 For puir auld Scotland's sake.
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Wull ta' a tumble noo an' then,
 These words ran oot beneath the pen
 O' oor immortal Robin.

He had his fallin's like us a',
 An' suffered from them sair,
 An' what he couldna cuist awa'
 Wad grow tae mickle mair.
 Inspirin' bauld John Barleycorn,
 His constant ally then,
 Did put his dangers a' tae scorn,
 An' gart him lift his pen.
 A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink
 An' fain yer troubles a' wad sink
 Upon the fatefu' endin' think
 O' rantin' roarin' Robin.

Tho' mony years hae come an' gane
 Since Scotland's poet sang,
 Yet tender memories we retain,
 An' they shall last for lang.
 An' far awa' ayont the sea,
 Whaure'er the Scotsman turns
 He'll find beloved there tae be
 The works o' Robert Burns.
 An' by Saskatchewan's winding stream
 O' whilk oor poet ne'er could dream,
 The greatest bard tae us wull seem
 Tae be oor Scottish Robin.

MAN'S LUVE TAE MAN

Whan there's nae luve in the human
 hert,
 Bit only a chilly void,
 An' dark Despondency creeps in
 Owre the hopes o' Life destroyed;
 Whan there isna trust in yer fellow-
 man,
 Nor acht for God, bit fear—
 Oh! Life is a dreary, dreary thing
 An' a' the earth is drear.

Whan there's nae luve in the human
 hert,
 For ony o' its kind,
 Whan there isna faith tae ease us up
 An' bring us peace o' mind—
 The sun may shine on the mountain
 sides
 An' a' the earth be bricht;
 But whaur nae conscience calm abides
 It's a'ways mirk as nicht.

We aye look forth tae the darkest
 ways,
 An' whiles we canna thole,
 The awfu' stounds o' a breakin' hert,
 An' pangs o' a strugglin' soul:
 Oh! then it is that the lost o' men
 Forswear a' houp tae be;
 Whan they turn their backs on the
 things o' Earth
 An' curse their God—an' dee.

Bit, whan there's luve in the human
 hert,
 An' hert tae hert respond.
 A glory beams owre the hail auld
 warl',
 Thet at Creation dawned;
 An' this is a bonnie, bonnie warl',
 Fulfillin' God's ain plan,
 For we see the beatutes o' Nature
 maist,
 Whan there is luve in man.

HERE'S YER HEALTHS, IN WATER

Whan Scotsmen's backs were at the
 wa',
 In days, thank God, lang distant;
 Whan Chairlie Stuart met his fa'
 Wi' clansmen owre persistent;
 Whan hidin' 'mang his Hieland hills,
 Ilk puir an' huntit cottar
 Drank o' the draught the burn distils,
 Wi', "Here's oor Prince," in water.

Come fill a cogie tae the brim,
 An' Scotsmen a' thegither,
 The toast thet gars oor een grow dim,
 "Scotland, Dear, Oor Mither,"
 Here's an ancient precedent
 Tribulation taught her,
 Drink the health the way it's meant—
 Here's her health in water.

Thae rugged Covenantin' chielis,
 Amang their rocks residin',
 Whan unrelentin' sodger deils
 Had kept them a' in hidin',

LILTS IN THE DORIC

In caves an' dens sent up their sang,
An' as their bluid grew hotter,
Swore godly aiths tae richt their
wrang,
An' washed them doon wi' water.

Sae fill ye, ilka mither's son,
An' toom yer glasses quickly,
Here's the richts oor fathers won
Whan dangers clustered thickly.
We mayna' pledge in uskabaugh,
Whilk pruves an unco faut'er,
Bit drink, "Oor kintra, king an' water,"
An' "Here's yer Healths," in-water.

THE AIR OF INDEPENDENCE

Scotland, land of valiant heroes,
Land of bards, and land of songs,
Land where gloom the misty mountains,
Which have seen a nation's wrongs,
But which looking downward ever
Saw the broadswords flash amain,
Pressing back the bold invaders
From across the lowland plain.

Everlasting are thy beauties,
Calling back the ancient days,
When thy sons were valiant warriors
And thy beauties waked their praise
Ever did the love of country
Foremost stand in Scottish heart;
Ever 'tis the tie that latest
Holds ere soul and body part.

Sweet the memory of the childhood
Spent within the Highland glen,
Where the swirling tarn comes rushing
From the steep and craggy ben;
Where the nature of surroundings
Fills the heart with ideals pure
And the air of independence
Holds the spirit firm and sure.

And thy sons, who ne'er have seen
thee
In a distant land exiled
It would wake their martial ardor
For to view thy beauties wild,
And their swelling hearts would glad-
den

With enthusiasm strong,
Could they view thy rugged mountains
And thy streams which sweep along.

Broken keeps that still are frowning,
Hoary with the lapse of years,
Where the valiant chiefs of Scotland
Gathered in the border spears;

Towering cliffs and rushing rivers,
All are rich with ancient lore,
Testifying to the prowess
Of the martial men of yore.

Bold and stalwart were the heroes,
Who invasion oft withstood,
Sacrificing for their country
All their treasure, all their blood,
Rallied round their Lion Standard,
Where their King was wont to be,
There the nobles and the commons
Fought that Scotland might be free.

Independence, what a birthright,
Who would barter for a crown?
Who would be a lordling's vassal
When it tends to hold him down?
Who would serve beneath a banner,
Which a tyrant grants to wave?
Better on the soil of freedom
Find a free-born patriot's grave.

From the time when fierce Galgacus
First addressed his marshal'd host,
Which are those of all their monarchs
Whom the Scots have loved the
most?
Who but our third Alexander,
Bruce, whom freedom back did
bring,
And that James by memory cherished
Who was called the Common's King.

Why are these the most beloved
Of our long and kingly line,
But that to their humblest subjects
Would their royal ears incline,
Loving not the pomp and splendor
Of the rich and great alone,
But unbiased giving judgment
To their subjects from the throne?

Great were these and strong in battle,
Stalwart men renowned in arms
But the monuments they builded
Do not rest on wars' alarms.
'Tis the glory of the nation
That these kings of other days
Loved the people far beneath them
And their rude unvarnished ways.

Right divine and grace of Heaven
Such indeed they deem'd was theirs,
But that they to God must answer
For their guiding of affairs,
And as true and faithful stewards
They should give account some day
How the realm of bonnie Scotland
Prospered 'neath their royal sway.





So it was all down the ages
That the hills of Scotland bred
Men whose thoughts were of their
country,

Men who hoped and looked ahead,
Scotland's lift has oft been clouded,
So the sun came seldom thro',
Scotland had her share of traitors,
But she had her heroes too.

Thro' the years of great affliction
She has come to take her place,
With the nations which have prospered
From the love of home and race,
And God grant, united ever,
Subjects' strength and sovereign
will,
Keep auld Scotia's name untarnished,
And her power unquestioned still.

April 15th, 1908.

THERE'S NAE FRIEN' LIKE THE BAWBEE

I've traivell't a bit 'roun this auld warl'
An' I've met wi' mony a froom,
Bit the time tae try yer frien's tae find
Is whan ye're a' broken doon.
Whan yer back is up tae the grin'-
stun', lad,
An' yer breeks are oot at the knee,
O, it's then ye'll ken what is unco sad
That there's nae frien' like the baw-
bee.

O, mony a mon has found it oot
Afore that his heid wes gray,
Thet the thing tae dae whan frien's
are few,
Is leuk for a raise in pay.
Ye'll ha'e tae stiffen yer back-bane, lad
An' gif ye can win the gree,
The fowk ye ha'e missed wull be unco
glad,
For there's nae frien' like the baw-
bee.

It's gran' tae hae things tae ca' yer
ain,
A wee bit pickle o' gear;
'Tis then ye can thole the warl' sae
cauld
An' heedna' the selfish sneer:
Ye can hand up yer heid wi' the lave,
my lad,
Whan yer ain hoose-door's ajee,
For the truest frien' a man e'er had
Was the honestly-won bawbee.

Whan ye can sit close in yer ingle-
neuk,

Wi' the wife an' weans ye lo'e,
Nae boddle ye'll gl'e hoo fowk may
stare,

Sae lang's yer debts be few.
Juist pit yer han' in yer pouch, my
lad,

An' jingle the cunnyie free,
An' lift tae yersel', "O, we're nae sae
bad,
For there's nae frien' like the baw-
bee."

O, troubles come thick an' fast enow,
Nae doot bit they're unco sair,
Bit the ane tae help whan times are
bad,

Is the ane that's hard tae spare.
His face may be worn an' broon, my
lad,

Bit it's cheerie an' blythe tae see,
For he keeps us fou, an' sae warmly
clad,

An' there's nae frien' like the baw-
bee.

Then a coggie we'll fill tae this auld
frien',

We haud wi' a siccar grup,
The frien' that is a' times hard tae
win,

Bit the last we ever give up.
Ye can pit doon the tab on the slate,
ma lad,

For we ha'en'a the reckonin' fee.
"Tis only another figure tae add,
An' there's nae frien' like the baw-
bee.

Edmonton, Dec. 20th, 1908.

THE LAND O' THE HEATHER.

Is there wonder that a little band o'
Scotsmen should be met,
Tae crack aboot a little land across
the leagues o' faem?

Is there wonder that in this fair land
we should foregather yet,
Tae dae honor tae the auld land
thet wes oor faither's hame?

Then wonder gif ye will,
Here's the auld land still—
The land o' the heather, an' the land
o' the hill;

The land o' flyin' cloud,
Whaur the whaup is callin' loud
On the bleak an' misty muirland,
whaur a' things else are still.

LILTS IN THE DORIC

We hae got a tender feelin' for the
bonnie banks an' braes,
Whaur the auld folk, thet were dear
tae us, had met in days agone—
The dear auld folk sae hamely-like, wi'
queer auld-farrant ways.
Are we better, are we wiser as the
years are creepin' on?
But time an' time again
We stand, as Scottish men,
Tae gie the toast tae Scotland, the
land o' hill an' glen,
An' as lang as life remains,
An' the red bluid's in oor veins,
Ye can count on us for Scotland, wi'
heart, an' hand, an' pen.

They say that Scots are canny-like, an'
hae the grip tae haud
An' hain the bawbee an' the groat
until they mak' the pund.
Aweel, it canna be gainsaid we hae
the knack tae plod—
But we arena a' Carnegies yet' wi'
millions in the fund.

Hoever thet may be
We'll wark, an' we'll see.
Canada is big eneuch, an' Canada is
free;
An' the lads that got the pence
Thro' their common pith o' sense,
Are the lads tae get the dollars in
this land oot owre the sea.

They say that Scots are clannish folk
an' cling thegither weel,
An' a Scotsman canna see a Scot in
want an' in neglect.
Aw'gel, there's this aboot it tae, as
ilka ane can feel:
A' Scot has got tae be a MAN tae
win a Scot's respect;
Tae face the warld alone,
Wi' its poortith an' its pain,
Tae grit his teeth, an' leuk at it wi'
mickle prood disdain.
An' tae say, "I ne'er descend
Tae a mean, or selfish end.
But a Scot wi' pride in Honor will
stand aside for nane.

In the little lanely shieling by the
mountain an' the flood—
"Twas there that men were taught in
the brave auld days o' yore,
Tae haud sae fast tae Honor, as tae
lose it wi' their bluid,
Whan stroke tae stroke they an-
swered wi' the auld-time claid-
heamh mor;"
An fierce the foemen focht,
Whan they met as Scot tae Scot,

An' the reid stream fast was flowin',
whan Celtic bluid wes hot,
An' time an' time again,
Rose the best o' Scottish men,
For what they thocht wes Honor, an'
died for what they thocht.

An' that wes how, whan Chairlie cam'
back tae claim his ain,
In little lanely clachans, the loyal
clansmen rose,
Tae draw the braid-sword ance again
wi' a' their micht an' main,
Thet a prince o' Scotland's ancient
hoose micht triumph owre his
foes,
An' what altho' they died,
Thro' the auld Hieland pride,
Fallin' by their chieftains ever side
by side,
An' what altho' they lost,
Tho' Scottish bluid it cost—
Their deeds will stand a monument,
that aye wi' us will bide.

Yet were their hearts as loyal, an'
were their swords as true,
Wha's faithers having suffered for
richt tae worship God,
Stood oot against the auld kings, an'
welcomed in the new,
Thet the freedom o' the Gospel
micht be scattered far abroad.
For bones are bleached an' dry,
Whaur ither heroes lie—
Bones in desert places beneath a
clouded sky,
By Airsmoss an' Drumclog,
By many a cleugh an' bog,
Whaur men that lived for conscience
sake had come at last tae die.

The years ha'e gane behind us, an'
cooled the heated feud,
Ha'e left us free o' judgment on ac-
tions o' oor sires.
We canna fall tae censure their awful
deeds o' bluid,
But baith sides gave tae Scotland
their strongest best desires.
Baith focht for Scotland's weal,
Whan they drew the vengefu'
steel,
Altho' their thochts were diverse,
their love o' land was real.
An' sword tae sword opposed
Whan surging foemen closed,
For the hame-land o' the heather,
each had patriotic zeal.

But best we lo'e in Hist'ry whaur auld traditions tell
 O' how oor fechtin' faithers gaed forth wi' steel in hand—
 Whaur 'twas against an alien foe that Scottish fechters fell,
 An' a' their valor centred on defendin' o' their land.

Whan proudly floated forth,
 The Lion o' the North—
 The brave auld Scottish Lion upon its field o' gold.
 An' the nobles 'round the king, Formed a brave an' gallant ring,
 An' against the prood invader, the Scottish vanguard rolled.

Years an' years o' liberty, an' years an' years o' peace,
 Ha'e come between the auld days when we were on 'defence.
 The Union brocht us safety, an' gart oor trade increase,
 An' noo instead o' fechtin', we use oor common sense.
 We dinna mak' a fash,
 An' gar the braid-swords clash,
 In endeavor tae exterminate a faction or a clan,
 But we calmly sit us doon—
 Tak' a dram, an' pass it roun'
 An' we argue, an' we argue sic as nane but Scotsmen can.

There's freedom tae oor conscience, an' there's muckle peace o' mind,
 An' we gang aboot oor business in a maist methodic way.
 But the young an' fashous spirits, that arena' hard tae find,
 We send tae foreign service, whaur Scotsmen fecht to-day.
 The Empire has tae spread;
 Sae we send the lads ahead— English, Scots an' Irish, tae paint the countries red,
 An' whaurever they may gang It will no be verra lang,
 'Till the level-headed Scotties will be comin' oot ahead.

An' that is why a little band o' Scotsmen here are met,
 Tae crack aboot a little land across the leagues o' faem;
 Why even noo, in this fair land we should forgather yet,
 Tae dae honor tae the auld land that wes oor faithers' hame.
 Sae wonder gif ye will,
 Here's the auld land still—

The land o' the heather an' the land o' the hill;
 An' time an' time again, We'll be met as Scottish men, In the little sphere of influence that we were born tae fill.

Sept. 15th, 1908.

THE LASSES O' AULD SCOTLAND

A deal has been sung
 An' a hantle mair been tauld
 O' the bonnie lads o' Scotlan',
 Thet were aye sae brave an' bauld
 An' here's a sang again—
 Not o' the Scottish men,
 Bit o' the mithers, sisters,
 The sweethearts, an' the wives
 The women of auld Scotlan'
 Thet cheered the Scotsmen's lives

The herts that are brave
 Are not a'ways they that beat
 In the tumult o' the battle
 Whan the strife is at its heat,
 Bit there's mony herts that break
 For hame and kintra's sake.
 Amang the dames an' lasses
 Thet bide at hame secure,
 Whan the gallant lads are fallin'
 On the mosses an' the muir.

Brave days o' Scotlan'
 Whan History wes made,
 Wi' clashin' o' the battle axe
 An' clangin' o' the blade.
 Adown the tide of years,
 Rolled a flood of woman's tears,
 Amid the lust o' conquest,
 Whan men for bluid were hot;
 Then women prayed for Scotlan'
 Whan Scottish heroes fought.

Yet herts, tho' they quailed
 Tae the mitherland beat leal,
 For hame an' for kintra
 'Tis women best can feel.
 An' not for self they feared
 Whan the banners brave were reared,
 Not for that a weight o' misery,
 The gentle hert oppressed,
 Bit for the prattlin' bairnies
 An' the sweet babe at the breast.

Whan troopers rade oot
 Frae border tower an' keep
 An' far besooth the Cheviots
 The kintra-side did sweep,

LILTS IN THE DORIC

'Twas a wife (the thocht wes hers)
 Brocht her lord the rusted spurs,
 Had bidden him be up
 Wi' his men-at-arms tae ride
 A-pillaging, a-foraging,
 Upon the English side..

Whan troopers rade in,
 Frae far besooth the Tweed
 An' chargers there were riderless
 For there were comrades deid,
 The women made the moan
 For the brave lads that were gone,
 The sound o' dolefu' wailin'
 Rose bitter on the blast,
 An' loving ones lamented
 For the spirits that had passed.

Whan gallant chiefs had fallen
 For the land they lo'ed sae weel,
 'Twas the mithers taught the bairnies
 Their faithers' deith tae feel,
 An' raise wi' tiny hand,
 Their deid sire's weighty brand,
 An' lisp his honored name,
 An' his name wha laid him low,
 An' swear whan they were big
 eneuch
 Tae yet return the blow.

Brave days o' Scotlan',
 Whan lasses lo'ed their men,
 An' prayed them forth tae battle
 An' prayed them back again,
 An' a lad went forth an' knew
 Thet his lass behind wes true,
 An' he wore the token proudly
 She had urged him for tae take,
 An' for her, he struck the stronger
 Whan he struck for Scotlan's sake

Yet Scotsmen still there are
 Wha's spirits are not tame,
 An' there are Scottish lasses yet
 Can lo'e their lads the same.
 At home an' far abroad,
 Whaur canny Scotsmen plod
 In commerce an' in business,
 Whaurever they ha'e gone,
 An' Scotsmen toll the better
 For the hopes that urge them on.

October 6th, '07.

OOR NICHT AT HAME.

We're juist auld-farrant Scottish fowk,
 An' no-sae prood ava,
 An' whilsts we've seen the time oor
 backs
 Hae ribbed agen the wa';

An' weel we ken the heathered hills,
 An' dearly lo'e the same,
 An' blythe are we amang oorsels
 Tae spen' a nicht at hame,
 Ou, ay,
 Tae spen' a nicht at hame.

Stout lads there are o' Scottish bluid
 An' lassies sweet as fair,
 For them auld Scotlan' winna tak'
 A back seat onywhere.
 Blythe an' cantie wull we be,
 An' crack o' Scotland's fame.
 For this is oor nicht oot, ye ken
 Tae mak' oorsels at hame.
 Juist that,
 Tae mak' oorsels at hame.

Wi' the warl' we may be cauld
 An' dootless, deemed severe,
 Bit lat cuist the cloak awa
 When 'mang oor ain fowk here.
 Lat the kindly mither-tongue
 Warm a' oor hearts tae flame,
 An' what wi' daffin' an' wl' glee
 We'll mak' a nicht at hame,
 Ye ken
 We'll mak' a nicht at hame.

Lat the pipes be skirlin' loud,
 For weel we lo'e tae list,
 The pibrochs o' the Hieland clans
 Oor hearts can ne'er resist.
 We'll see the little hamely shiels
 Frae whence oor faithers came,
 An' oor hearts wull beat for Scotland
 yet

On this, oor nicht at hame,
 I wot,
 On this, oor nicht at hame,

We'll hear the sangs oor mithers sung
 Whan croonin' us tae sleep,
 An' aye a place wi'in oor hearts
 For them sal Memory keep,
 An' the tear that glistens in oor een,
 It doesna' rise for shame,
 Whan we hear the sangs o' ither days
 That tak' us back tae hame
 again,
 That tak' us back tae hame.

We'll taste the guid auld farls an'
 scones,
 An' aiblins sowens tae,
 An' juist ae glass o' barley bree,
 Wad wash them doon the way.
 An' gin we're prood o' auld Scotland
 Whaur is the yin can blame,
 Whan we're met as brither Scots tae
 spen'
 An hour or twa at hame
 the noo,
 An hour or twa at hame.

We've wandered 'cross a continent,
We've sought a hame afar,
Frae Scotland's hills and Scotland's vales,

Whaur Scotland's treasures are;
An' in this Western Canada,
Tae whilk we've laid some claim
We'll no forget the ancient land,
That wes oor faithers' hame
 sae lang,
That wes oor faithers' hame.

We're juist auld-farrant Scottish folk
An' unco plain ye ken;
We're blunt eneuch at speakin' oot,
Like douce an' honest men,
An' sterlin' worth an' honesty
Did win oor sires a name,
Sae we shall keep oor record clean
In oor adopted hame
 for aye,
In oor adopted hame.

It's oor nicht oot an' weel I wot,
Afore the day may daw,
We'll aye an' a' be unco sweer
Tae tear oorsel's awa'.
An' when we join wi' "Auld Lang Syne,"
We'll voice wi' loud acclaim,
That this has been the bonniest nicht
O' a' oor nichts at hame.
 Nae doot.
O' a' oor nichts at hame.

TO WINNIPEG SCOTS

Here's tae ye brithers wi' mickle o' cheer,
May ye pree sic haggis as what we hae here;
May yer herts aye be blythe an' content wi' yer lots,
That's what Edmonton wishes the Red River Scots.

January 23rd, 1909.

THE EDITOR'S HAPPY THOUGHT

Ninty degrees an' guid in the shade
An' a hunder an' twal in the sun,
An' the Editor scribbles awa' at his desk,
For his wark is never done.
The swat trickles off frae the en' o' his nose,
Wi' the ink tae the en' o' his pen,
Bit he never lats up wi' his furious gait
Whan his "devil" comes sneakin' ben.

"There's a hantle o' litter in under ma chair,
An' the basket has mair than 'twill hauld;
Ye can tak' it an' store it awa' in the shed
Till the weather's a wee bit cauld.
Guid sakes! I ha'e mair than ma space can permit
For tae cram it a' in wi'oot stint;
Its awfu' the things thet some people will write
An' expect for tae see them in print.

Gin half o' the writin' thet people ha'e writ
Were 'boil'd doon' tae the journalist's taste,
A guid deal o' writin' might gae intae books,
Thet gangs intae the Editor's waste.
Bit noo"—an' the Editor leapt frae his seat,
An' a smile took the place o' a froom—
"Ye can set a' thet manuscript oot by the door
Sae the sun may at length boil it doon."

THE LAND OOR FAITHERS LO'ED

Auld Scotland, land oor faithers lo'ed
Whan far ayont the sea,
Wi' in the backwoods o' the West
Their herts went back tae thee,
As aft the longing cam' for hame
An' gart their herts repine.
I hail thee, land oor faithers lo'ed—
My faither's land an' mine.

Tho' I ha'e never trod the land
O' bracken and o' broom,
For luve o' thee auld Scotlan' yet
My hert has ever room,
An' scenes my faithers lo'ed fu' weel
My mind can picture fine
Till auld familiar dreams o' theirs
Are also dreams o' mine.

The heather on the Hieland hills
Is dear tae hamely herts
Bit dearer still tae Scottish lads
Thet are in distant parts,
An' dearer yet the thochts o' hame
Tae sons across the brine,
Wha lo'e thee as their faithers lo'ed
Auld mitherland o' mine.

LILTS IN THE DORIC

An' no the wide Australian runs
 Nor sweeps o' Western plain,
 Thet in Canadian sunshine leuchs
 An' nods wi' gowden grain,
 Nor sunny valleys o' the Sooth
 The hame o' fleur an' vine,
 Can tak' the place o' thee, fair land,
 My faither's land an' mine.

Bit far awa' frae hame an' frien's
 An' venture whaur they will,
 The luve o' kintra an' o' God
 Will aye be wi' them still,
 An' seldom will thy sons disgrace
 The raucle hand o' thine,
 Thet reared them up in truth an' richt
 Auld mitherland o' mine.

Afar ayont the heavin' main
 On mony a distant shore,
 Press whaursoe'er the white man
 may
 Auld Scotland's tae the fore.
 An' frae the pioneers o' peace,
 Or far stretched battle line,
 Comes back the cry frae Scottish herts
 Auld Scotland, land o' mine.

An' whan a twa-three Scots are met
 Tae snatch a cantie hour,
 They lo'e tae crack o' Scotland yet,
 An' a' her ancient power.
 An' a' the brilliant lichts o' years
 Thet in thy his'try shine,
 The men wha made thee what thou art
 Dear land, I claim as mine.

Then Scotsmen tae the mitherland
 Clink glasses rim tae rim,
 An' he wha winna drink her health
 Be nae success tae him;
 An' on this blythe St. Andra's nicht,
 Lat ilka hert combine*
 Tae say, 'God bless the land we lo'e
 Your land, dear frien's, an' mine.'

We're a' weel met, an' cantily set
 An' the haggis afore us is smokin' het,
 An' we'll think o' ye doon
 In yer wee bit toon,
 An' we're wae that ye canna be wi' us
 yet.

*Or,
 An lat us a' on this blythe nicht
 Wi' cheerfu' herts combine.

NAINSEL ON BURNS

Hoot mon! Ye'll aiblins think she's
 fou';
 She's no tat fou' ava, mon.
 She's chust peen ha'e a wee pit trap
 Tae gar her feel sae praw, mon.
 Her nainsel nefer saw before
 Ass fat she saw ta nicht, mon,
 An' couldn't tell mhor truer tale,
 If she had second sicht, mon.

For she hass peen in Edmonton
 An' no sae lang a time, mon,
 An' a' ta ponnie Scottish lads
 Wass teary love ta rhyme, mon,
 An' sae tey ask her nainsel come,
 An' birl her last bawbee, mon,
 Tae spoke ta spoke on Robbie Burns,
 An' taste ta parley pree, mon.

Nainsel pe frae ta Hielan' hills,
 An' since she's leavin' tat, mon,
 She's ne'er seen country sic ass tiss
 For stretchin' oot sae flat, mon.
 But a' ta Scots tat she's peen met
 Wass like she's met before, mon,
 An' some ta chiels frae Canada,
 Can spoke ta Gaelic mhor, mon.

She wadna think for comin' here,
 Tae fin' sae mony freen's, mon,
 Tae crack wi' sic a kindly tongue,
 O' hamely Scottish scenes, mon;
 She wadna thocht there wad been lads
 Ne'er saw ta heather braes, mon,
 Wad poast aboot their Keltic plood,
 An' speak in Scotland's praise, mon.

But fat she hadn'a kent before,
 She's findin' oot fu' praw, mon,
 Yell lo'e ta auld land twice ass mhor,
 Whan ye're peen far awa', mon;
 An' daunder East, or daunder West,
 Or daunder whaur ye will, mon,
 Ye aye will find the Scottish heart
 Remainin' Scottish still, mon.

An' a' tat her nainsel can dae
 An' a' tat she can think, mon,
 Is for tae raise ta barley pree,
 An' wush ye weel, an' trink, mon,
 Tae ye may Burns' nicht come roun'
 Wi' mony safe returns, mon,
 An' here's tae a' guid Scots wha keep
 Ta memory o' Burns, mon.

LILTS IN THE DORIC

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Hoot, mon! Ye'll aiblins think she's
fou';
She's no tat fou ava, mon,
She's chust peen ha'e a wee pit trap,
Tae gar her feel sae praw, mon,
Her nainsel ne'er had sic a time,
Ass fat she had the noo, mon,
An' syne she'll toddle hame again,
Afore tey say she's fou, mon.

Jan. 24th, 1908.

WE'RE BLYTHE TAE BE BRITONS
FOR A' THAT

There's a wheen folk to-day that are
aye findin' faut
Wi' the way things are rin, an' the
way they are not;
Wha claim that the government's a'
gaed tae rot:
Bit we're blythe tae be Britons for
a' that.

They're a doure set o' folk wi' cantan-
kerous airs,
That are aye keekin' intae a' people's
affairs,
An' mistrustin' that a' folk are mindfu'
o' their's;
They're a gey lot o' Britons an' a'
that.

They've a hantle o' strange socialisti-
cal views,
An' they gie them an airin' whenever
they choose,
Tae the manifest int'rest o' honest
True Blues;
Bit we're blythe tae be Britons for
a' that.

An' noo they are waer than ever afore,
An' their herts sair depressed wi' this
bluid-thirsty war
Wi' the puir, simple, innocent, pastor-
al Boer;
Bit we're blythe tae be Britons for
a' that.

They gae roun' wi' their faces like
straughtin' boards a',
An' expressions as blank as a hole in
a wa',
An' leuk for a day whan the Empire
wull fa';
Strange, that we suld be Britons for
a' that.

An' puir Joey Chamberlain suffers the
maist,
For he brocht it a' on that the Em-
pire's disgraced.
Puir mon! It's a wunner, sae muckle
he's faced
An' remained a true Briton for a'
that!

Bit a' folk an' a' things come in for a
share
O' the blame for this scandalous awfu'
affair.
Yet for a' that we wave the auld flag
in the air,
For we're blythe tae be Britons for
a' that.

We hae lads at the front for tae dare
an' tae do,
An' they gaed ther' on purpose tae
see the thing thro';
An' they're fechtin', they ken, for a
cause that is true,
An' they mean tae be Britons an' a'
that.

Let men think as traitors an' talk
what they please,
Till their herts wither up wi' that
blackest disease;
Bit proudly we'll fling oor auld flag
tae the breeze,
For we're blythe tae be Britons an'
a' that.

April 8th, 1900.

THE CALEDONIAN'S PLEDGE

Scotsmen an' Brithers forgathered
thegither,
We raise ye oor glass an' we rax
ye oor hand,
An' proudly we stand a' sae firmly
united,
An' prood o' the fame o' the auld
mitherland.
An' while we are leal tae the Scottish
tradition,
An' true tae the hills o' the heather
sae broon,
We raise ye oor glass an' we pledge
ye, my brithers,
Here's tae the lads that wull never
back doon.

LILTS IN THE DORIC

Oot on the muirland the whaups wull
be callin'
An' the heathcock be drummin' it's
lane on the hill,
Bit never again may we roam on the
heather,
An' never mair list tae the soun' o'
them still.
For far frae auld Scotland oor lives
wull be passin',
Awa' aff in Edmonton's brisk, busy
toon,
Yet here's tae the scenes that oo'
herts can remember,
An' here's tae the lads that wull
never back doon.

St. Andra's Society members are wi'
us
An' we, Caledonians, lag not behind
Whan Scotsmen wad fill up the coggie
tae Scotland,
An' speak o' the land that is first
tae oor mind.
Here's tae St. Andra's Society ever,
An' whilst ye're haudin' yer glasses
aboond,
Lang may guid fellowship haud us
thegither,
An' then we're the lads that wull
never back doon.

Mind ye no lads o' the days whan oor
faithers
Focht 'gainst the faes that wad Scotland
invade,
An' aft the blue bonnets gaed over the
border
For war wes the Hielandman's glory
an' trade?
Ay, an' whan clansmen tae exile were
driven
An' fain wad Culloden's dark mem-
ories droon,
Far frae the bens an' the glens o' their
childhood,
They still were the lads that wad
never back doon.

Tune up the pipes for another loud
pibroch,
Lat it reecho the glories of yore.
Telling o' Scotsmen, in peace sae pro-
gressive,
An' telling o' Scotsmen sae daunt-
less in war.
There are auld graybeard carles that
wull think o' the hameland,
Wi' tears in the een that are no be-
dimmed soon,

An' they'll no be ashamed o' this show
of emotion,
Tho' rugged auld carles that wull
never back doon.

Sae lat us be in oor purpose united
For it is thus that a' Scotsmen suld
stand
Prood o' this pairt o' oor glorious Em-
pire,
An' prood o' the fame o' the auld
mitherland.
An' as we've cherished oor ancient
traditions
May oor son's sons whan their cog-
ies gae roun'
Gie the pledge tae the land that wes
dear tae their faithers
An' drink tae the lads that wad
never back doon.

CANADIAN SCOTS

We hae'na forgotten the auld land,
Altho' we were bred tae the new.
We are leal tae the land o' the maple
leaf,
Bit the heather claims us too.
We mayna' speak juist as oor faithers
spak',
Bit we haud tae oor faithers thochts,
An' we haud it a pride that nane suld
deride
Tae be ea'd Canadian Scots.

It's no bit we lo'e the new land,
It's no bit we tak' a pride
In the braid Dominion that stretches
A half a continent wide,
Bit in lakes an' in hills an' valleys,
We are minded o' hamely spots,
An' oor herts find a hame in the land
owre the faem
Thet is dear tae Canadian Scots.

There are lads ne'er were born tae the
bracken,
Wha ne'er the Hielan' garb wore,
Wha can thrill at the saul-stirrin' pi-
broch,
An' weep at "Lochaber No More,"
For sic is the power o' tradition
Thet e'en in the humblest o' cots
There are herts that cling fast tae the
fame o' the past
Thet has made them Canadian Scots

Gi'e us the lilts o' the lawlands,
 O' luve an' o' tender themes,
 An' see hoo the hert wull saften
 Whan the mind gaes backward in
 dreams,
 Or gi'e us the martial music
 Thet thrills 'mid the battle shots,
 An' the lads tae gae back frae the
 foeman's attack.
 Wull no be Canadian Scots.

There's Scots bluid mixed wi' Indian,
 There's Scots bluid mixed wi' Swede
 There's Scots bluid spread owre a' the
 earth,
 Whaurever nations lead.
 An' whan they ha'e gotten the North
 Pole,
 An' dividit it aff in lots,
 There isn'a a doot bit they'll portion
 it oot
 Tae a wheen Canadian Scots.

As spreads the down o' the thistle,
 Wi' ilka win' thet blows,
 Sae Scotland has sent her progeny
 An' they bide whaure'er they pause;
 An' the sons o' the sons o' Scotland.
 In spite o' auld Scotia's fau'ts,
 Wull be prood tae stand by the auld
 mitherland,
 An' be termed Canadian Scots.

An' that's why the Scots o' Edmonton
 This nicht are met sae leal,
 An' that's why oor worthy President
 Is fillin' oor chair sae weel,
 An' that's why the lads frae the heath-
 er'd hills,
 Maun strive tae collect their thochts
 Tae keep abreast o' the lads, o' the
 West,
 Thet were born Canadian Scots.

THE FLAG OF OUR FATHERS

"What is the flag of England? Winds
 of the world declare?

—Kipling.

Flag of the English, is it? Ay, it is
 yours to say,
 Your fathers went to the conquest and
 your fathers died in the fray.
 But we—we are also British, and our
 fathers also bled,
 And we ask you to look at the three-
 cross flag that floateth above
 your head.

You have given your boast to the
 world-winds, and the winds have
 sent it back;
 "We have followed the flag of Empire
 far on the great ship's track.
 O'er the barren grounds of the North-
 land full many a league we've
 blown.
 But never the flag of the English have
 we noticed flying alone."

"We have followed the trail of Mac-
 kenzie to the slopes of the
 northern sea;
 We have been on the paths of Fraser,
 and we know what paths they
 be,
 We have been thro' the Western
 passes and over the mountain
 flood,
 And we know that these men were
 British—but not of the "Eng-
 lish" blood.

Where the mighty ice-pack closes o'er
 the seas where the Ross'es
 salled.
 Our breath hath spoke of the North-
 land, till the boldest mariner
 quailed.
 We have rattled their ice-sheathed
 canvas, and drooped the flag to
 the mast,
 But never we noticed that "English"
 ships were the only ships that
 passed."

The keels of Maclure and McClintonch
 broke into the frozen West.
 The "great lean bear" hath seen them,
 but the musk-ox knew them
 best.
 But in the dusk of the long night, as
 they saw it time and again,
 They never knew that the flag belong-
 ed to, exclusively, Englishmen.

Never was land so mighty, and never
 was sea so broad,
 But on reeling deck or sandy shore a
 British foot hath trod.
 Ask of the winds of Africa that blow
 where the sands are spread,
 If they ever heard of a Mungo Park
 with an English tongue in his
 head.

Ask ye also the hot winds by Tangan-
 yika's shore
 If Livingstone, Moffat, or Anderson,
 were names that the English
 bore.

LILTS IN THE DORIC

We will give to the English gladly
what justice itself decrees,
But never we give to the Southrons
proud such Northern names as
these.

Winds of the world make answer; Ye
are blustering to and fro;
What should they know about Coch-
rane who only the English
know?
What must the title of "English" hold?
Where endeth the boast and
brag?
And what do they know of a British
fleet who cant of an English
flag?

Flag of the English, is it?—Nay, for
the years have shown
That more than the English have
fought for the flag that more
than the English own,
Fling out its folds to the breezes, and
grant it the highest place,
But never more vaunt that the English
flag is the flag of the British
race.

THE BANQUET O' ST. ANDRA

I've tasted o' the Bubble Jock
An' preed the haggis fine,
An' wat ma craigie wi' a dram
In memory o' lang syne;
An' Sandy mon, ye missed it sair
For, losh preserve us a'!
I'm comin' frae the banquet
In the auld Mechanics' ha'.

An' Hip Hurrah! for Scotlan',
The lan' we lo'e the best;
An' Hip Hurrah! for onywhere
That's in oor glorious West;
An' Hip Hoorah! for Edmonton,
Oor ain bonnie toon;
An' we'll a' haud thegither,
An'

We'll no
Gang doon.

Ye suld hae seen the tables lad,
Wi' a' the goodies spread,
"Auld Scotlan' wants nae skinkin'
ware."
Ye ken oor Robbie said.
An' there wes rowth o' a' guid things
Thet ever Scotlan' saw
At oor grit St. Andra's banquet
In the auld Mechanics ha'.

Sae Hip Hurrah! for Scotlan',
The land o' heather'd hills,
The kintra o' the haggis,
Thet strengthens as it fills;
An' this ae nicht o' a' nichts,
We'll no forget it soon,
An' we'll a' haud thegither,
An'

We'll no
Gang doon.

The Scots are bonnie trenchermen,
An' whan suld Jock Kinnaird
Addressed the haggis reekin' rich,
I wot it wesna' spared,
Wi' gullies an' wi' skene-dhus
Oor brave lads wer'na' slaw,
An' they hacked the steamin' haggis
An' shared it roun' the ha'.

Sae Hip Hurrah! for Scotlan',
An' dinna be sae blate,
A rousin', roarin' tiger
For Scotlan' ony rate.
We'll a' be blythe an' cantie
An' wha the dell wad froon
Whan we a' haud thegither
An'

We'll no
Gang doon.

Ye suld hae heard the speeches, lad
Ye wad been vauntie then,
Tae hear aboot the gritness
O' a' the Scottish men.
An' mang the lave wes Rutherford,
The premier o' us a',
At the banquet o' St. Andra
In the auld Mechanics' ha'.

Sae hip hurrah for Rutherford,
An' lift yer glasses hie,
There's yet a drappie in yer glass
An' ye maun drain it dreigh:
We've talked o' Scots frae auld Jno. A.
Way back tae Geordie Broon,
An' we'll tak' oor drap tae Rutherford
An'

We'll no
Gang doon.

It wad hae dune ye guid, lad,
Had ye been only there,
When Monsieur Wilfrid Garlepy
Got up upon the flair,
An' tauld hoo bonnie Scottish lads
Had won their lasses braw
Amang "de French-Canadien,
"Way down on Canadaw."

Sae hip hurrah! for Gariepy,
 A Frenchman debcnair,
 As leal an' loyal gentleman,
 As there is onywhere.
 Here's tae his ain "Societie,"
 Sae loyal tae the croon,
 An' we'll a' haud thegither,
 An'
 We'll no
 Gang doon.

The sons o' merrie England, lad,
 They hadn'a been forgot,
 They teuk richt tae the haggis
 Like a kindly brither Scot.
 An' the best o' Hieland uskabaugh,
 They didna' scorn ava',
 At the banquet o' the Scotties,
 In the auld Mechanics' ha'.

Sae hip, hurrah! for England,
 For tho' we're Scottish born,
 We canna' wush the Englishers,
 A bit o' skaith or scorn,
 An' the braid cross o' St. George, lad,
 It wi ana touch the groun',
 Whan it's blent wi' oor St. Andra's
 cross,
 It
 Winna
 Gang doon.

The pipers they wero playin', lad,
 Fu' mony a bonnie spring;
 It gart the clansmen fidge fu' fain
 Tae dance the Hielan' Fling;
 An' oor pipe-major, Tammas Craig,
 O, wha like him can blaw;
 At the gatherin's o' the Scotsmen,
 In the auld Mechanics' ha'.

Sae here's tae ye, True Tammas,
 Thet blows yer chanter weel,
 May ye be spared fu' mony a year
 Tae play fu' mony a reel,
 An' may ye ne'er gie place for wind
 Tae ony piper loon,
 An' whan Glenlivet's near ye, lad,
 It'll
 Aye
 Gang doon.

An' oor 'grit William Wallace Howe,
 He gl'ed an unco roar,
 An' bellered Tam o' Shanter,
 While they stéekit fast the door;
 He tell us o' the cutty sarks
 Until we thrill'd wi' awe,
 At oor memorable banquet,
 In the auld Mechanics' ha'.

Sae hip hurrah! for Wullie,
 May his shadow ne'er be less,
 He has sic a gran' expression,
 When he wad his views express;
 He has banged the constitution,
 An' has done it up sae broon,
 For there's lots o' things tae Wullie's
 mind
 Thet'll
 No
 Gang doon.

O', mony were the speeches there,
 Sae witty an' sae lang,
 An' bonnily oor ain Macleod,
 Has waled his store o' sang;
 Tam Irving wi' his orchestra
 Has pruv'd a guidly draw.
 Tae oor grit St. Andra's banquet,
 'In the auld Mechanics' ha'.

I've tasted o' the Bubblie Jock,
 An' I'm wi' haggis fou';
 I've toom'd a twa-three bottles,
 An' I'm gaun hame the noo.
 I see two moons intae the lift,
 Whatsh mattersh wis the moon?
 We'll a' haud thegither
 An'

We'll no
 Gang doon.

Dec. 6th, '07.

THE AULD ROMANCE O' THE BORDER

The bugles ca' frae border keeps,
 The warders pace their round,
 The echoes frae the rocky steeps
 Again return the sound,
 An' stark moss-troopin' border Scots
 Come ridin' knee tae knee,
 For the auld romance o' chivalry
 It isna' deid tae me.

Its mount an' ride, mount an' ride,
 Mount an' ride in order,
 Mount an' ride for the English side,
 An' over the English border.

There's jingling o' the bridle chains
 An' clinking o' the spurs,
 An' mony a banded taunt an' jest
 Amang the Scotts an' Kers,
 There's tightening o' the saddle girths
 Amang dismounted men,
 For the spell o' border chivalry
 Is on me once again.

LILTS IN THE DORIC

There's mony a rusted corset laced
 Owre mony a noble breast;
 There's mony a dinted helm, I wot
 An' mony a ragged crest,
 Bit there isna' rust on the bricht blue
 blades,
 Thet flash in the sun sae free,
 An' the auld romance o' the border
 land
 Has cuisten its spell owre me.

There's mony a Jedburgh battle-axe
 Thet's slung at the saddle bow,
 An' English yeomen weel can tell
 How Jedburgh strikes the blow,
 English archers can twang the string
 An' English yeomen ride,
 Bit the men that are best wi' the axe
 an' spear

They come frae the Scottish side.

There's mony a pennon flutt'ring brave
 Whaur chieftains ride tae war,
 Grim men kent in the border feuds
 Thet hae harried the borders o'er.
 Troop by troop they are riding in
 Frae distant hill an' glen
 An' the auld romance o' the fechtin'
 days
 Is over my hert again.

O black an' burned is the borderland
 An' Scotland's wasted sair,
 For whaiver the English sodgers
 mairch,
 They leave the kintra bare,
 Bit there's beeves tae drive in North-
 umberland,
 An' there's hames tae reek an' lowe,
 An' the half o' the thieves frae Annan-
 dale
 Are over the border now.

There's mony a Graeme frae the West
 countrie,
 Comes pricking merrily in,
 There's mony a man o' the Johnstone
 bluid,
 An' men o' the Douglas kin:
 There's mony a raiding, rieving Scott,
 Armstrongs an' Elliotts tae,
 An' Maxwells an' Kers are no behind
 In joinin' the border fray.

The mornin' sun comes risin' up
 In the lift sae bricht an' clear,
 An' he's glintin' doon owre the castle
 wa's
 On the glitt'rin' blades o' weir.
 Bit lang or he gangs sklentin' doon
 Anither sicht he'll see.
 Braw, brave corses upon the knowes
 Whaur the gleds are feastin' free.

Ou, Ay! I ken thae days are past.
 The border keeps are doon,
 An' noo nae mair the troopers ride,
 Across the bent sae broon,
 Bit across the mirror o' my mind
 These visions still I see,
 For the ancient days o' chivalry
 Are fresh an' fair tae me.

O, then it wes that men were men,
 Whan they kent little fear,
 An' English side or Scottish side
 Did lift their neighbors gear.
 Whan a man lived only by his wits
 Or by his sword sae keen,
 An' he wha had neither wit nor sword
 In Scotland ne'er wes seen.

Not a' fame had the fechtin' days
 Bit mickle o' dool an' wae,
 An' mickle o' bluid wes foully shed
 By nicht as weel as day.
 Bit leukin' back thro' the mists o'
 Time,
 I am fain in the past tae be,
 An' the troopers that ride tae the Eng-
 lish side,
 Are verra guld freen's tae me.

An' now tho' English an' Scotsmen
 dwell
 Like brithers side by side,
 An' there isna' mair o' border feud
 For the border is no sae wide,
 Scotsmen still can mount an' ride,
 An' Scotsmen fecht the same,
 An' they'll fecht on the tither side o'
 the warl,
 As weel as they focht at hame.

Sae mount an' ride, mount an' ride,
 Mount an' ride in order;
 An' English an' Scot, we'll tak' a
 pride,
 In the auld romance o' the border.

October 12th, '07.

THE SUNSHINE O' LIFE

O, what altho' the clouds be dark,
 An' what tho' days be drear!
 We need the waeome days tae mark
 Our blyther days o' cheer.
 An' whan the sunshine thro' the gloom
 Breaks bricht owre muir an' lea,
 Then brichter days than thae bricht
 days
 We canna houp tae see.

An' lives are unco like the lift
 Sae often clouded o'er,
 An' cheerie words are sunshine strong
 The clouds maun melt before.
 For afterwhiles a cheerie word
 Can clear the hert that's wae,
 An' better words than kindly words
 We canna' houp tae say.

An' kindly deeds that we hae done
 Are things we'll no regret,
 An' life will aye be brichter still
 If it be blythely met.
 An' often it is oors in life
 Tae help the sunshine thro',
 An' better deeds than kindly deeds
 We canna' houp tae do.

O, life tak's on a brichter cast
 Whan Hope begins tae dawn,
 Whan somethin' mair than juist oor
 sel's,
 It is that leads us on.
 Whan sprattin' owre Life's rugged
 ways
 We pause an' leuk behin',
 The deeds an' words that foremaist
 stand
 Are those that aye were kin'.

Sae lat us strive, for strive we maun
 In words an' acts tae cheer.
 Thet we may live in ither's herts
 Whan we go hence frae here.
 An' what altho' the clouds be dark,
 An' what tho' days be drear,
 If there be sunshine in oor herts
 Then we hae nocht tae fear.

SCOTLAN' DEAR—OOR MITHER

Scotlan' dear—oor mither,
 An' soll oor hearts forget
 The misty lan' by the northern sea
 Roun, whilk the waters fret,
 Whaur the storm-wrack sweeps by
 Stornoway
 Tae the misty isle o' Skye,
 Whaur the rocks are steep along the
 coast,
 An' the waves rin mountains high?
 O, the rugged coasts o' Scotlan',
 Whaur the waves come surgin' in,
 O, the white-caps roun' the islets
 Whaur the swirlin' waters rin,
 O, the bonnie burns o' Scotland
 Thet gae wimplin' tae the sea,
 Bonnie Scotlan', Mither Scotlan',
 Here's tae thee.

Scotlan' dear, oor mither,
 We that are sons o' thine,
 Ance mair we are met in Edmonton
 Tae crack o' the auld lang syne.
 An' sangs an' cracks soll aye revive,
 An' keep the memories green
 O' hames frae gray auld Gallowa'
 Tae the sands by Aberdeen.

O, the heath-clad hills o' Scotlan',
 In the Autumn time sae broon,
 O, the snaw-peaks o' the Hielands
 Whaur the clouds come circlin'
 doon,
 Whan the air is heather-scented,
 Then the Scottish heart beats free
 Bonnie Scotlan', Mither Scotlan',
 Here's tae thee.

Scotlan' dear, oor mither
 Land that oor faithers lo'ed
 Still we are Scots o' the auld Scots'
 names,
 An' come o' the auld Scots' bluid,
 The Scot can gang wi' a hard-set face
 Tae the utmaist pairts o' earth,
 Bit he'll ne'er forget, tho' rugged an'
 rough,
 The land that gave him birth.

O, the men that tolled for Scotlan',
 O, the hearts that lo'ed her weel,
 O, the han's that wrought for Scot-
 lan',
 O, the han's that drew the steel,
 Some misguidit, bit for Scotlan',
 Fechtin' that she might be free,
 Bonnie Scotlan', brave auld Scotlan'
 Here's tae thee.

Scotlan' dear, oor mither,
 Here's tae ye lippin' fou,
 An' there's na' a lad that hauds a gless
 Bit his heart is Jeal an' true,
 Tae the gray, auld land ayont the sea
 Thet has sent sae mony forth;
 Here's tae the common mither o' us
 The auld dame up i' the north.

O, the honor o' the auld land
 Thet has brocht us mickle pride,
 O, the glory o' the auld land,
 Whaur oor faithers strove an' died.
 We soll strive, as did oor faithers,
 Ne'er tae bring disgrace on thee.
 Bonnie Scotlan', Mither Scotlan',
 Here's tae thee.

August 14th, 1907.

LILTS IN THE DORIC

THE LAST YEARS O' OOR TEENS

O Time, thou art an awfu' thief
 Thou stealest on fu' fast,
 An' leavest only wae an' grief
 For pleasures o' the past.
 An' thou hast staw my life awa'
 Sae far as thou had'st means,
 An' thou hast left me only juist
 The last year o' my teens.

The years o' childhood scarce are by,
 Thet Mem'ry hauds in sicht,
 An' while we for the losses sigh
 Thet youth can no requite
 Than thou hast bid the youthfu' min'
 Tae shift tae ither scenes,
 An' noo thou hast bit left me juist
 The last year o' my teens.

Noo warldly cares an' wardly pains
 Maun a' oor herts engross
 An' a' oor joys arise frae gains
 An' a' oor griefs frae loss
 For aye the morrows men maun be
 Bit yestermorrow's weans,
 An' sun'e the haun o' pilferin' Time
 Gangs slippin' thro' oor teens.

A few years syne oor childis herts
 Were no aboon their play,
 Bit thinkin', actin' men o' pairts
 Maun rule the warl' to-day;
 For on the minds o' thinkin' men,
 The hall warld's future leans—
 Men wha nae verr'a lang bit syne
 Were laddies in their teens.

Tho' we, to-day hae youth an' strength
 An' glory in them baith,
 Auld jinkin' Age comes on at length,
 An' does us mickle skaith.
 Nae walth or state, hooever great
 His victim ever screens;
 He grups them a', an' bears awa',
 The last years o' their teens.

The years are passin' frae oor ken
 An' name may them rec'a',
 As thou hast a' ways dealt wi' men,
 Thou dealest, Time, wi' a'.
 We mark the changes in oorsel's,
 We view them in oor freen's—
 They that hae stood aroun' us sin'
 The last years o' oor teens.

We're sprattlin' up the hill o' Life,
 Bit whan we hirple doon,
 The auld warl's cares may weightier lie
 On mony a frosty croon.

An' auld folk thet are young folk noo,
 Whan earlier mem'ry keens
 May aft leuk back wi' pleasure on
 The last years o' their teens.

Written when in my twentieth year.

SONS O' THE BUT AN' BEN

Sons o' the hamely But an' Ben,
 Wha ha'e wandered far frae yer native
 glen,
 We're a' Jock Tamson's bairns, ye
 ken,
 Sae here's tae yer healths again an'
 again.

For we ha'e come frae Hielan' strath,
 Whaur not a foeman could cross oor
 path;
 An' we ha'e come frae Lawland plains,
 Whaur the luve o' kintra yet remains.

An' we are come tae the Western
 land,
 Whaur mountains rise on ilka hand,
 An' we are come tae prairies wide
 Whaur wheatfields stretch on ilka
 side.

For Canada's yetts are open wide
 Tae Europe's poortith an' Europe's
 pride,
 An' Scotlan's poortith is unco real,
 An' Scotlan' has got the pride as weel.

Bit Scotlan's poortith an' Scotlan's
 pride,
 Wi' Scotlan's honor gae side by side,
 An' in lands whaur oor kintra is ne'er
 forgot
 There honor clings tae the name o' a
 Scot.

For Scotlan' has pride in the days of
 Eld.
 An' Scotlan' has pride in the faith
 she's held.
 An' Scotlan' has pride whaur the blue
 bluid runs,
 Bit mair in the worth o' her humbler
 sons.

For the men thet cam' frae the buts
 an' bens,
 Are the men thet ha'e guidit Scotlan's
 pens,
 An' the men thet hae wieldit Scotlan's
 swords
 Mair than the gentry an' pedigreed
 lords.

An' the men that hae wandered the
world sae wide,
For Empire striven, for Empire died,
What are they if the world bit kens,
Bit the lads that cam' frae the buts
and bens?

Wha were the lads in the hadden gray
Thet Leslie led tae the border fray?
Wha were the lads in the bonnets blue
Thet aye tae their chiefs remained sae
true?

What lads focht in Europe's wars
For German guilders or Louis d'ors?
An' whaur are the lads wad dae it
again,
If no' the lads frae the but an' ben..

Wha are the lads that thro' hardship
an' toil
Hae striven far frae their native soil?
Wha are the lads that wull ne'er forget,
Tae speak o' the glories o' Scotlan'
yet.

There wes Burns an' Carlyle an' a
hantle mair,
They hadn'a muckle o' this world's
share,
An' Livingstone, Moffatt and Park God
kens,
They cam' frae the humblest o' buts
an' bens.

There wes Colin Campbell on India's
shores,
An' Chinese Gordon in Egypt's wars,
An' even the Yanks nicht ha'e lost it
all,
If it hadn'a been for auld John Paul.

Bit the pride that cairries a puir man
thro',
Is no what he has, bit what he can do.
In the health an' strength, the warl'
tae face.
An' that God gave tae the Scottish
race.

Sae come what may or come what will
Muckle o' guid or a deal o' ill.
Here's tae the lads that can face the
deil
The lads that were raised on the guid
aitmeal.

And here's tae the grand auld pair-
ritch meal,
An' here's tae the lan' we lo'e sae
weel,
An' here's again tae a' guid frien's
Mang the fowk that come frae the
buts an' bens.

Oct. 29th, '07.

TO JOHN IMRIE, ESQ., TORONTO

God bless ye, Imrie, for yer bonnie
rhymes,
Whilk tak' the Scotsman's hert tae
ither times,
An' fill his min' wi' patriotic thocht
An' mak' him glad tae think he is a
Scot.

Yours is the mind, O Imrie, that can
frame
Those odest tae whilk the Scottish hert
lays claim;
Yours is the hand can point us tae oor
God
An' paint the feelin's o' 'the Scot
Abroad.'

Dear hameley joys the mem'ries o' the
past,
Forgotten lang before oor minds are
cast,
An' hearts return tae scenes that lang
are by
An' een are wet that hae for years
been dry.

The rugged Scot in distant lands apart
Leuks back tae Scotia's shores wi'
achin' heart
Yet in the kinship whilk yer verse in-
spires
He feels the echo o' his heart's de-
sires.

Feels that altho' frae Scotia's shores
afar,
He's no alone whaurever Scotsmen
are,
Feels that whae'er the weary warl'
neglect,
The plodding "Scotty" can command
respect.

LILTS IN THE DORIC

'An' we wha Canada as sons may claim
E'en yet we feel oor faithers land as
 name.
Tho' ne'er we've trod the bracken and
 the broom,
Oor hearts for Scotland yet hae ever
 room.

An' while oor hearts gang forth across
 the main,
Toward the land oor faithers ca'd their
 ain,
We'll bless ye, Imrie, for yer rhymes
 thet haud.
Oor herts tae kintra an' oor sauls tae
 God.

The above stanzas were sent to the
late Mr. Imrie in May, 1899, and in
answer I had a very appreciative let-
ter from the poet date June 17th, '99.

THE AULD TIME SCOT

Juist anither health tae Scotlan'
 Afore I lay me doon,
Far awa' frae whin an' bracken,
 On the bonnie hills sae broon,
Far awa' frae hame an' kindred
 Thet I kent in ither days,
When I wandered owre the muirland
 Whan I sprattled up the braes.

Juist ae toast, again, tae Scotlan'
 Thet I've lo'ed sae weel an' lang.
See, my han' grows weak an' feeble
 Thet wes ance sae hard an' strang
Bit ance mair I'll raise the cogie
 As I've dune aft in the past,
An' I'll gi'e the pledge tae Scotlan'
 For I'll lo'e her tae the last.

Bonnie hills o' broom an' heather
 I can see ye as of yore,
Ere the thocht had grown upon me
 For tae leave auld Scotlan's shore,
An' the mountain tarn, I'm hearin',
 Roarin' doon again in spate,
An' my feeble pulse beats faster
 For my hert has grown sae great.

Bonnie Scotlan', Bonnie Scotlan',
 Tho' afar frae thee I've dwelt,
I ha'e minded thee at e'enin',
 Whan afore the throne I've knelt,
I ha'e prayed tae God, the Faither,
 What wes first o' my desires
Thet thy sons the faith haud firmly,
 O' their Covenantin' sires,

Wi' a siccar grip still clingin'
 Tae the truth, that freedom brings
Tae the cots o' common people.
 An' the palaces of kings,
As auld Knox sae often thundered
 In his rough an' rugged tone,
Thet he owned alegiance greater
 Than tae ony earthly throne.

Yet tae render unto Caesar
 A' the things tae Caesar due,
Whilk is stan' by King an' kintra
 As a Scottish man can do.
Strivin' sae tae walk wi' honor
 Thet we live thro'oot oor prime,
As guid auld Scottish gentlemen,
 All of the olden time.

Another health tae Scotlan',
 The Ian' we lo'e the best,
Afore another auld time Scot
 Has laid him doon tae rest.
'Twas Scottish honor raised her heid
 Amang the prodest lands
An' God grant a' the comin' Scots'
 Wull haud her whaur she stands.

Sept. 20th, '07.

SETTLIN' DOON

It wes bit juist the ither day
 A wee bird telt tae me
A secret whilk is siccar truth
 Or else a mickle lee.
An' tho' o this I am aware,
 It suldna gar ye froon;
'Tis juist that ye are thinkin' sair
 O' quately settlin' doon.

In haste I gat my thinkin' cap
 An' pu'd it on fu' tight,
An' cuist aboot me for a pen,
 An' settled doon tae write,
Sae noo I'm rattlin' aff my clink
 Thet it may reach ye soon,
Afore ye are a mairrit man,
 An' fairly settled doon.

Ye ken it is a rhymster's right,
 He hauds in mich esteem,
Tae pen congratulat'ry odes
 Whan mairrage is the theme,
An' being' in a ryhmin' mood
 An' wi' a subject foun'
I write tae wush unbounded joy
 Sin' ye'se been settled doon.

LILTS IN THE DORIC

101

Ye've tested a' o' single life,
As weel as mortal can
An' fand it wesna sae designed
Whan Nature moulded man.
Ye've felt the waes o' bachelorhood
An' fand that far aboon,
The joys o' single blessedness
Is canty settlin' doon.

Sae noo I can bit wush ye weel
An' health an' length o' life
Ah' may the first o' blessin's be
An' ever pruve yer wife,
An' may guid fortune wl' ye stay
An' a' yer efforts croon,
Thet ever ye may bless the day
Ye thocht o' settlin' doon.

The above was written to E. J. Campbell, of Carnduff on the eve of his approaching marriage with Miss Nettie Carnduff of the same place, 1897.

PATRIOTISM

To my friend and Comrade Olle Hogan, of the Fire Department, with a copy of Grace Aguilar's "Days of Bruce." Christmas, '06.

Dear Hogan:

The freedom of your own Welsh marches,
The freedom of our Highland hills
The intrepid spirit of our fathers,
Still in our pulses throbs and thrills.
Still shall those tales of ancient daring
Inspire ourselves to dare and do,
And dear to me is Scotland's glory
As that of Wales must be to you.

Tho' hushed is now the sound of battle,
And distant far oppression's wrong,
Yet still Tradition's song and story
The echoing war notes shall prolong.
And "Scots Wha Ha'e" shall rouse us ever,
While yet the name o' Scot remains,
As fast your martial "Men of Harlech"
Sends the blood coursing thro' your veins.

Yet let us, Olle, aye remember
That all these deeds of blood and wrong,
Still only live in History's pages,
Still only lurk in minstrel song,
That all the fierceness of our fathers,
And all their lust for feud and fray,
But helped to make our Britain stronger,
And built our freedom of to-day.

THE CELTIC BLOOD

To Olle Hogan with a copy of Owen Meredith's poems. Christmas, 1907.

The Celtic blood for poetry, the Celtic blood for fire,
The Celtic blood for love of the homeland far away;
For the hoary hills arising that waken strong desire,
Altho' 'tis but a little land among the mists so gray.

We raise no more the banners, on the hills we love so well,
But the land our fathers fought for we could fight for once again;
And among the hills of Cambria where Freedom loves to dwell
The hearts that breathe her mountain air are hearts of valiant men.

And comrade, you that love the hills of Wales so well and true,
My heart can fully sympathize with all you think and feel,
And the love I bear to Scotland leaves some room for Wales and you,
And our mutual love of Celtic land is deep and strong and real.

THE WELCOME HAME

A tribute to the memory of A.K.K.

She has gane an' her freends wull mourn her,
An' her people miss her sair,
An' aft in the vacant corner
Wull seek for her presence fair.
But while we may grieve an' peety—
As mony hae dune the same—
The saunts o' the Holy Ceety
Hae welcomed anither hame.

LILTS IN THE DORIC

Sae youthfu' an' sae licht hearted
 She passed frae oor midst away.
 'Tis lang sin' her saul departed
 Yet it seems but as yesterday.
 She had sung in verse, the story
 Hoo her saul tae the Maister came,
 An' noo, the singers o' Glory
 Hae welcomed a singer hame.

Nane joyed sae mickle in leevin',
 An' few cling closer tae life,
 But oor pleasures are aye deceivin',
 An' we weary o' worldly strife.
 An' compared wi' the joys immortal
 The joys o' the earth are tame;
 Sae syne tae the Heavenly portal
 She leuked for a welcome hame.

Lightly her fair hand fingered
 The chords that she lo'ed tae draw,
 An' the heart o' the hearer lingered
 On the soun's as they died awa';
 Sae ablinis that form in brichtness
 A place in that band may claim,
 Wha clad in their robes o' whiteness
 Play pilgrims a welcome hame.

An' there wi' her angel teachers,
 As the years glide on apace,
 She wull scan ilk pilgrim's features
 For the leuk o' a weel-kent face.
 An' at last, whan oor sauls immortal
 Tak' leave o' ilk earthly frame,
 May her saul be there at the portal
 Tae gie us oor welcome hame.

THE SILLER BELL.

Written for Robert Robertson, of Edinburgh. The Silver Bell is the badge of the Edinburgh branch of the Good Templars.

"Then let the warning bells ring out.
 Then gird ye to the fray.—Aytoun.

Fu' aft the warning bells rang oot
 In days sae lang ago,
 Tae bid the folk o' the maiden toon
 Prepare for the comin' foe,
 An' the burgher donned his leatheren
 Jack.
 As he hastened tae the wa',
 Tae stan' an' fecht for the auld toon's
 richt
 At his King an' kintra's ca'.

Sae lat the siller bell ring,
 Ring oot loud an' clear
 Whan there is a fae tae fecht
 We're no the lads tae fear.
 We're buskit brawlie for the fray,
 Wi' pride oor bosoms swell
 An' wha wull daunt the lads to-day
 Thet heed the siller bell.

O mony a gay an' gallant youth
 Wes at the weapon-shaw,
 An' mony a blade sae bricht an' keen
 Had yet the bluid tae draw,
 Bit whan the bells gave loud alarm
 The brave lads weren'a slack,
 An' mony a sword wad drip wi' bluid
 Afore the fae gave back.

Sae lat the siller bell ring,
 Ring fu' an' lang
 Weel we tak' a warnin'
 An' briskly will we gang,
 Facin' up against the fae
 Wi' fearfu' odds tae tell
 Bit we will never ken defeat
 While clangs the siller bell.

Bit noo there is anither fae
 Thet's in oor midst to-day,
 An' we're dividit 'mang oorsel's
 An' what can save the day?
 We've got tae fecht John Barleycorn
 An' put his subjects doon,
 An' while we heed the siller bell
 We yet may save the toon.

Listen tae the siller bell
 Ring loud an' free,
 Wha's a freen' tae Barleycorn
 Is no a freen tae me.
 Fecht for the maiden toon,
 An' lat yer slogan yell
 Mingle ever wi' the tones
 O' the siller bell.

Oh! the curse o' poortith
 Thet has fastened on the land,
 Oh! the mony wasted lives
 Thet need a helpin' hand.
 Rax it oot, my brither, noo,
 For there are herts that ache
 'Neath the chains o' slavery
 Thet it is oors tae break.

Hearken tae the siller bell
 Ringin' fu' an' sweet:
 "Gang up tae the battle, lads,
 An' dinna fear defeat.
 Strike a blow for Scotlan' yet
 Wi' a' yer might an' main,
 The time an' opportunity
 May never come again."

Drive awa' the Demon Drink,
An' Brither Pullar's han'
Wull gi'e it sic an' awfu' skelp
Wull shak' it in the lan'
Follow Brither Purdie in
An' ye some dauds wull see
Bit he wha canna tak' the dauds,
Wull never bear the gree.

Ring awa', auld siller bell,
Blythe wull we stand
Ever for the betterment
O' oor loved land.
Warkin' for the brave toon,
Whaur we a' dwell,
An' takin' for oor emblem
The bricht siller bell.

THE END